MORAL
INSTRUCTIONS
OF A
FATHER to his SON,

COMPREHENDING the WHOLE

SYSTEM of MORALITY.

To which is added,

The SENTIMENTS of PRINCES and Eminent MEN, concerning RELIGION and a FUTURE STATE;

Some of the

Moſt admired PIECES from MILTON, THOMPSON, and other AUTHORS;

AND

Select FABLES on the moſt important occaſions in Life, extracted from DODSLEY, and others, adorned with emblematical Cuts.

The THIRD EDITION.

Youth, like the ſoften'd wax, with eaſe will take
Thoſe images that firſt impreſſions make;
If thoſe are fair, their lives will e'er be bright,
If foul, they'll cloud it all with ſhades of night. ANON.

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MDCCLXXV.

Moral Inſtructions, &c.

YOU have importuned me, my ſon, to allow you a voyage to the *Levant*, and to ſettle at *Aleppo* for ſome years. This propoſal I was ſo far from expecting, that I was not a little ſurprized at it, and had ſeveral reaſons to believe, that you was not capable of ſuch a reſolution. So many circumſtances concur to make me think ſo, that, at firſt, I imagined the heat of youth, and the natural propenſity people of your age have to travelling had ſuggeſted this deſign to you; or that what you told me, was only to try how far the extraordinary tenderneſs I had for you would go. Whatever has been the cauſe of it, I judge it proper to put you in mind of my behaviour upon that occaſion, that you may be convinced, you have no reaſon to find fault with my conduct.

You know, that, in order to diſſuade you from this deſign, I not only put you in mind of the agreeable life you had paſt hitherto in your father's houſe, and repreſented to you the cares and fatigue of a long voyage, comparing them with that tranquility which you had in your power to preſerve to yourſelf; but I alſo uſed many arguments which ought to prevail with you not to leave me; and obſerving they had not force enough to make you alter your reſolution, I endeavoured to deter you from it, by the great danger of the paſſage, ariſing from ſhipwreck, pirates, and an infinite number of other inconveniencies, unavoidable in ſo long a voyage; which muſt certainly be very hard upon a young man, brought up with ſo much care and delicacy as you have been. All this was to no purpoſe; I was obliged to yield to your deſire, to which I was

the more eaſily induced, by the declarations you made me, that your paſſion of becoming more worthy of the ſingular care I had taken of your education, had put this reſolution in your head, and that you inclined to divide with me the fatigue and pains of raiſing your fortune. The proteſtations you made me in private to this purpoſe, and which you renewed before your relations, whom I called to be witneſſes of my conduct upon ſo critical an occaſion, hindred me from uſing my paternal authority to make you ſubmit, and that for three reaſons, which I am now to communicate to you, becauſe I flatter myſelf, that your knowing them will inſpire you with gratitude to me.

The firſt is, that though the greateſt part of fathers require unlimited obedience from their children, and are even intitled to it by divine inſtitution; yet I always exerted this privilege over you with gentleneſs, of which you have had repeated experience; and you may remember, that when at any time, your irregular conduct made you juſtly deſerve my correction, I always obſerved the medium betwixt the ſeverity your faults deſerved and the tenderneſs of a loving father. You know that I contracted the limits of what I might have demanded from you, and extended thoſe of what you might poſſibly have claimed from me, and that in putting you in mind of your duty, by the words of St *Paul*, *Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right*, I excited myſelf at the ſame time by the words which follow, *And ye, fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.*

The ſecond reaſon I had, for not abſolutely oppoſing your deſign, was to avoid the reflections you might poſſibly one time or other make againſt me, as having been an obſtacle to the raiſing your fortune.

And the laſt was, to prevent your making uſe of

of my refuſal, as a pretext for, and perhaps even to juſtify what miſdemeanors you might have been guilty of in your future conduct.

Theſe are, my Son, the reaſons to which you owe my eaſy compliance with your requeſt.

I could have wiſhed you had altered your reſolution, to pleaſe me; but ſince you could not yield to my deſire, and ſtill perſiſt in your deſign, after having pray'd to God, to grant you his grace, and to pour down his moſt precious bleſſings upon your ſoul, perſon, and affairs, I lie under an indiſpenſable neceſſity, ariſing both from my inclination and my duty, not to let you go without ſome particular inſtructions to accompany you, as a rule of good manners; which will be a convincing proof of my love to you, as well as an inexhauſtible fountain of all ſorts of happineſs, both in the ſpiritual and civil life, if you practiſe them with that care and attention, to which I both exhort and command you. In all events, they will be ſo many undeniable evidences of my having acquitted myſelf of my duty, if unluckily you ſhould happen to come ſhort of yours.

When I told you, my ſon, that the inſtructions I deſigned for you, were the effects of my inclination and my duty, I did not obſerve that order which reaſon would have dictated; for I ought certainly to have ſaid that this motion proceeded from my duty and my inclination, putting my duty before my inclination; becauſe the firſt is an engagement laid upon us by reaſon, whereas the other is only a ſuggeſtion of nature, which is almoſt always hoodwinked by the tender motions of blood; but I yielded to the ordinary weakneſs of fathers, and I frankly acknowledge it, that you may be perſuaded, that in the ſequel of this diſcourſe, I have rather granted too much liberty, than kept up to the ſtricteſt rules of auſterity.

I would alſo have you obſerve, my Son, that in wiſhing you the bleſſing of God, I have particularly mentioned your *ſoul*, your *body*, and *affairs*, in which order I have deſignedly ranged the words, becauſe in the ſame order I intend to inſtruct you in thoſe duties, the practice of which you ought never to neglect.

I divide them into three ſorts, which I call *ſpiritual*, *perſonal*, and *civil duties*. By the firſt, I ſhall teach you your duty to God; the ſecond will inform you of your duty to yourſelf; and by the laſt you will learn what you ought to perform to your neighbour. If I ſhould handle theſe ſubjects at that length which the importance of them deſerves, inſtead of a few pages I deſign for your uſe, I ſhould be obliged to undertake the compiling of ſeveral volumes, which being a taſk beyond my preſent deſign, as well as far ſuperior to my capacity, I ſhall ſatisfy myſelf to diſcourſe of them with all poſſible brevity.

For that end, may Almighty God, inſpire me with proper thoughts, ſuitable to the greatneſs of my undertaking, and grant you, of his infinite bounty, the inclination and ſtrength to put them in practice, for his glory, my ſatisfaction, your own advantage here, and eternal ſalvation hereafter.

I begin theſe inſtructions with the ſame words with which *Solomon* almoſt begins his book of proverbs, *My ſon, hear the inſtruction of thy father*, (and, I doubt not, if it had not pleaſed God to afflict me by the death of my wife in your infancy, but I might have added, what follows in the ſame place) *and forſake not the law of thy mother*, being well aſſured, that if it had pleaſed God to ſpare her to this time, ſhe would not have allowed you to leave her without giving you convincing proofs of her piety and tender affection. But ſince the will of Providence was otherwiſe, I ſubmit thereto, and ſhall endeavour to collect, together with my

own,

own, ſuch advices as I judge the love of ſo good a mother, would have ſuggeſted to her to offer you, if ſhe had been alive.

Of Spiritual Duties.

YOU was taught in your infancy, my ſon, that God ſent you into the world to know and ſerve him. Theſe two obligations, to which you was born, reſpect the two faculties of the reaſonable ſoul. Knowledge reſpects the underſtanding, and ſervice the will. But the light of the underſtanding is too much confined to be able ever to arrive at the perfect knowledge of God, and our wills are too much corrupted to be able to ſerve him as we ought.

Theſe obſtacles which ſpring from our Corruption ought not, however, to diſcourage us: God does not quench the ſmoaking flax, nor break the bruiſed reed; he perfects his ſtrength in our weakneſs, he ſupplies all our defects, he remedies our infirmities, and knowing that we cannot aſcend unto him, he is ſo good as to deſcend unto us.

He not only gives us his word to imprint in our minds ſome faint ideas of his greatneſs, which we can never thoroughly comprehend, but he likewiſe communicates to us his holy Spirit, to reſtrain our corrupt inclinations, and make them to will, what naturally they would not; he alſo obliges them to bring that will to action, by a kind of gentle violence, which they are not able to reſiſt.

Reading of the Word of God.

Read, my ſon, this word of his as frequently as poſſible; but read it with reverence and attention, it is the word of God. This reaſon ought to engage you to pay it that reſpect which I exhort you to; it is for your own inſtruction that you ſhould read it, and that ought to engage your attention: Set a-part certain hours for that ſtudy, at leaſt

leaſt two every *Sunday*, and one every day through the week. Take care that no conſideration of whatever importance make you neglect this duty: The greateſt affair you have is that of your ſalvation, neglect all others to remember it; never let the intereſt and pleaſures of the world make you forget thoſe of heaven; *the faſhion of this world paſſeth away, but he who doth the will of God, ſhall abide before him for ever.* You will learn this will of God in that ſacred book; but to what purpoſe would your knowledge of it ſerve, but to render you more criminal, if you do not conform yourſelf thereto? The ſervant who knows his maſter's will, and does it not, ſhall be beaten with more ſtripes than he who does not know it. Labour to do it with fear and trembling; but as all your labour would be in vain, if God, who commands, did not alſo operate in you that which he requires, beg of him the grace to perform it. It is a conſiderable bleſſing that he vouchſafes to ſpeak to us by his word; but he has added a greater, that is, not only to allow us to ſpeak to him by our prayers, but alſo to promiſe, that he will hear us by his mercy. *Call upon me* (ſays he) *in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou ſhalt glorify me.*

Prayer. Pray to him then, my ſon, but pray to him with fervour and confidence; for God loves not the cold or lukewarm, neither him that doubts; earneſtly beg of him, that he would accompliſh in you, by his almighty power, what he commands you to perform: Never weary of this holy exerciſe: beg of him to draw you, that ſo you may run after him; importune him, that the ſame voice he employs to command you to riſe out of the grave of ſin, may likewiſe pluck you from it. *The violent take the kingdom of heaven by force:* Follow the example of *Jacob*, who by a holy and fervent zeal, obtained the bleſſing of God.

Your

Your care, your pains, your labour will be to no purpoſe, if not attended by this bleſſing; *except the Lord build the houſe, they labour in vain that build it.* Begin the day with prayer, let prayer conclude it; never let one paſs, without your morning and evening ſacrifice: And in order to obtain the deſired effect, let your prayers proceed from the heart rather than the mouth; pray out of ſincere devotion, and not from mere cuſtom. Begin your prayer with joy, continue it with pleaſure, and never end it without being ſorry that you are obliged to conclude ſo ſoon: But, above all, let that beginning, continuance, and concluſion be without diſtraction.

Drive away the birds that would diſturb your ſacrifice; that is, remove as far as poſſible thoſe thoughts which might interrupt your devotion. To pray to God without attention, is not praying to him, it is offending him, it is committing ſacrilege rather than making an oblation. The little inclination we have naturally to heavenly things, renders this attention difficult to us; and yet it is certain, that upon it depends, in a great meaſure, the ſucceſs of our prayers; for God cannot hear us, unleſs he liſtens to us; and how can we expect him to liſten, when we will not ſo much as liſten to ourſelves? Is it not upon this occaſion, that God may apply to us what he ſaid to the Jews of old? *This people drew near me with their mouth, and with their lips do honour me, but have removed their heart far from me.* Judge then, my ſon, if we have not good reaſon diligently to ſearch after the means, by which we may acquire this attention. The following are ſome of them; the practice of which, I am perſuaded, may be of great advantage, and conſequently is what you ought never to neglect.

We may pray to God in all places, but all places are not equally proper for prayer. *When thou prayeſt*, ſays Jeſus Chriſt, *enter into thy cloſet, and when thou*

thou haſt ſhut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in ſecret. The advice which the Saviour of the world gives us upon that head, teaches us, that we ought to retire when we pray; and that, far from making prayer the ſubject of oſtentation, we ought to pray in ſecret, which our divine Maſter, not only confirmed by his own example, but alſo before he exhorted his apoſtles to retirement, he had ſaid in the preceding verſe, *When thou prayeſt, thou ſhalt not be as the hypocrites are, for they love to pray ſtanding in the ſynagogues, and in the corners of the ſtreets, that they may be ſeen of men.* According to theſe rules, my ſon, when you pray, retire by yourſelf: but when you go to an exerciſe which obliges you to fly from the world, do not carry it along with you; do not follow the example of *Rachel*, who, when ſhe left her father's houſe, carried the images along with her, which ſerved as the objects of her idolatry; imitate rather *Elijah*, who approaching towards God, in the chariot of fire, in which he went up into heaven, dropt his mantle, that he might have nothing earthly about him. *Come not near, put off thy ſhoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou ſtandeſt is holy ground*, ſaid God to *Moſes*, from the midſt of the burning buſh, when he was going to ſpeak to him. The ſame voice is ſtill addreſſed to you, every time you pray. The place you chuſe for that purpoſe ought to be ſanctified by the preſence of God. Put off then your ſhoes, leſt you ſhould pollute it; that is, put away all worldly and carnal thoughts. Go out of *Sodom*, without looking back, and in this diſpoſition, having proſtrated yourſelf on the ground, before you begin your devotion, employ ſome moments in thinking upon the infinite greatneſs of him to whom you are to ſpeak, and on your own unworthineſs. If this meditation be ſerious, it will redouble your zeal, and render you more fit for approaching God. The greateſt part of our diſtractions in prayer, ariſes from the

diverſity

diverſity of objects which fall under our ſight; to avoid which, I ſhould judge it neceſſary to keep our eyes ſhut, when we are about an affair of ſo great importance. This is no trifling advice; do not neglect it, my ſon; try it, and practiſe it according as you find it ſucceed.

I do not pretend to preſcribe any particular form of words, that muſt be regulated according to the ſubject of your prayers; I believe, however, it will be proper to conclude all your petitions to God, with that of begging his love. This is the way to have every thing; for he who has God with him, wants nothing. *Solomon* aſked only wiſdom, and God ſaid unto him, *Becauſe thou haſt aſked this thing, and haſt not aſked for thyſelf long life, neither haſt aſked riches for thyſelf, nor haſt aſked the life of thine enemies, but has aſked for thyſelf underſtanding to diſcern judgment, behold, I have done according to thy words. Lo, I have given thee a wiſe and underſtanding heart,* &c. *and have alſo given thee, that which thou haſt not aſked, both riches and honour,* &c. *Plato*, though a Pagan, gives a good leſſon to Chriſtians, teaching them what they ought to beg of God in prayer. It was a petition of his, *O God, give me things good for me, though I ſhould not aſk them; and keep from me things hurtful, though I ſhould pray for them.* God frequently does us a favour, by not granting our requeſts, and puniſhes us by granting them, when we aſk things hurtful to us, which is very common; for, as Jeſus Chriſt ſays, we know not frequently what we pray for.

The phyſicians preſcribe to people of weak ſtomachs to eat little and frequently, if you find it difficult to fix your attention (which I told you is the life and ſoul of prayer) follow the ſame rule, and according to our Saviour's advice, *when you pray, do not uſe vain repetitions as the Heathen do, who think that they ſhall be heard for their long prayers.* But then, if your prayers be ſhort, take care they be

be the more frequent; and above all, I repeat it again, let your fervency, and truſt in God, be their ſeaſoning.

I told you, my ſon, that we may pray to God, in all places, tho' all places are not equally proper for that exerciſe; but if prayer, which is not to be doubted, be nothing elſe but *an holy elevation of the mind, and a devout rapture of the ſoul, by which it approaches to God, and is united to him*; what hinders us from having theſe raptures and elevations a hundred times a-day, in whatever place we be, whether at home or abroad? In the midſt of your moſt preſſing affairs, and even as you are walking along, either in city or country, turn your heart frequently towards God, and this is prayer.

Our heart is a portable cloſet, a place of retreat, a holy ſolitude, into which we may enter every moment, and from thence breathe out thoſe ſhort ejaculations, the fervency of which piercing the heavens, is more pleaſing to God, than thoſe long prayers, which are performed from mere cuſtom, and at ſtated times, very frequently with little or no attention. It is certainly to theſe frequent elevations towards God, that the goſpel alludes, when it exhorts us to *pray without ceaſing*: but why may you not, my ſon, have theſe ſacred raptures, even in your bed? And why may you not put this excellent cuſtom in practice, of praiſing God, and praying to him as often as you awake? Seeing prayer is ſo far the principle article of all divine worſhip, that the Holy Scriptures conſider it as the center of all the duties of religion.

Love and Fear.

Thus, my ſon, I have told you what I had to ſay of prayer in particular. But remember, that no man can pray to God, unleſs he believes in him, nor believe in him, unleſs he loves him. Love him, if you would be beloved of him; fear him, if you would be wiſe. *The beginning of wiſdom is the fear of*

of the Lord; this fear, as *Solomon* ſays, is to hate evil, and conſequently to do that which is good: if you fear God, you will love him; and if you love him, you will keep his commandments. You know theſe commandments, my ſon, nothing ought to hinder you from obeying them.

God is a Spirit and Truth, and he will be worſhipped in ſpirit and in truth. The chriſtian religion, in which, through his goodneſs, you have been educated, and for the perfect knowledge of which, I have abundantly furniſhed you with the milk of intelligence, which is, without deceit, the only religion which renders him that worſhip he requires.

Adherence to religion.

Adhere cloſe to that worſhip, my ſon, and you will find it will do you a better office than that which the ſhepherds received from the ſtar which guided them to *Bethlehem*; for it brought them only to Jeſus Chriſt in his humiliation, but this worſhip will conduct you to him in his glory. This divine Saviour, ſpeaking of himſelf to St *Thomas*, ſays, *I am the way, the truth, and the life;* he is the only way by which we can come to the Father. Never turn aſide from that way, my ſon, whatever may happen to you: Inſtead of the *fountains of living waters*, which you ſhall find in this way, you ſhall meet nothing but *broken ciſterns that can hold no water*, if you go by any other way. You cannot ſtep aſide in the leaſt degree from the road into which you have entered, without removing yourſelf at a diſtance from God, and conſequently from all manner of happineſs, of which he is the center. Let neither riches nor honours, nor pleaſures, make you depart from it: and if you ſhould happen to ſuffer even the ſevereſt perſecutions, for perſevering in it, never be diſcouraged; rather look upon it as your greateſt honour, to carry the croſs after your Saviour. It is an honourable reproach for a man

to bear in his body the marks of the Lord Jeſus. It was by this way, that the noble army of martyrs have entered into glory. If God ſhall call you to ſuch trials, do not look back; and be aſſured, that not a ſingle prickle ſhall fall from his crown upon your head, but ſhall bring along with it a diadem of immortal happineſs. If it be your lot to ſuffer as a Chriſtian, that is to ſay, for the cauſe of Chriſt, be not aſhamed of it, but glorify God on that account.

Afflictions.

Sickneſs, the loſs of dear friends, of goods, and a great number of other troubleſome accidents, are very common in this life. Do not imagine, my ſon, that you are to be exempted from them. Afflictions are the moſt certain badges of the children of God, who makes uſe of them to correct thoſe whom he loves, as a father does the rod, to chaſtiſe the child in whom he takes delight.

The fleſh takes no pleaſure in this kind of correction, nor ought we to liſten to the ſentiments of the fleſh, for the practice of thoſe things neceſſary for our ſalvation. The chaſtiſements of God are to the faithful, what the head of the lion which *Sampſon* ſlew, was to him; they produce honey of conſolation, which teaches them, that from bitterneſs may be reaped ſweetneſs. If it be the will of God, my ſon, that you fall into the furnace of afflictions, of whatever nature they be, and however ſevere, do not repine, only take care, that if you ſhould ſuffer, it be not as a criminal. Remember in your ſufferings, let them be ever ſo great, *that they are not worthy to be compared with the glory which ſhall be revealed in us.* Remember that *thoſe light afflictions, which are but for a moment,* if you make a right uſe of them, *will work for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.* Moral Philoſophy teaches us, that the paſſions, when they are irregular, are the fountain of all manner of vices; but by a regular and well governed uſe of them

them, become the ſubjects of all ſorts of virtue: and the Chriſtian Theology ſhews by experience, that afflictions, which to the reprobate are ſubjects of deſpair, are to the faithful inexhauſtible ſources of contentment and joy. The rods which God makes uſe of to puniſh the wicked, are like that of *Moſes*, which was changed into a ſerpent; whereas thoſe he employs to chaſtiſe his own children, reſemble that of *Aaron*, *which bloomed bloſſoms and yielded fruits*.—Make good uſe of them, my ſon, kiſs thoſe which he ſhall be pleaſed, in his providence, to employ for your correction, adore his ſecrets, and even under the ſevereſt chaſtiſements, acknowledge his goodneſs, in rouſing you from the lethargy into which your vices may have made you fall. Though it ſhould be ſeverer than the fleſh could wiſh, yet be perſuaded, that it is for your advantage to be thus grieved for a ſhort time: *That the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold that periſheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praiſe, and honour, and glory, at the appearance of Jeſus Chriſt.*

Thus, my ſon, I have reduced, as you may obſerve, all the duties of the ſpiritual life into four heads, into the attentive reading of the word of God, frequent and ardent prayer, a ſteady perſeverance in the faith, and an entire reſignation to the will of God, whatever ſevere trials it may expoſe you to. If you had remained in my houſe, I would not have neglected to have given you the ſame inſtructions, the two firſt of which, you know, I made you practiſe carefully, as ſoon as you was of an age capable of doing it. I thought it, however, more neceſſary to give you them, when you are to be removed at a diſtance from me; and eſpecially into a country, where, far from having the comfort of the public exerciſe of your religion, you will but very rarely have the leaſt example of piety, which ought to oblige you ſo much the more

to the ſtricteſt performance and moſt exact practice of all theſe inſtructions I have given you. I exhort you to it by the bowels of the mercy of God; I conjure you to it by the care you ought to take of your own ſalvation; and I beg it of you by the compliance I may juſtly expect from your gratitude. If you do this, you will render to God what is due to him, you will grant the requeſt of your affectionate father, and by that means you will be the better diſpoſed for performing your duty to yourſelf, which is what I am to teach you in the ſecond chapter, which, according to the method I have propoſed, ſhall treat of Perſonal Duties.

Of Perſonal Duties.

I Have been more conciſe in this firſt part, my ſon, which treats of your duty to God, than I ſhall be in the following, which reſpect your duty to yourſelf and your neighbour; and, I hope, I need be at no great trouble to juſtify my conduct in that particular, it being founded upon the example of God himſelf, who, of the ten commandments of which his law is compoſed, has made only four which tend directly to what we owe to him; whereas there are ſix to regulate our duty towards our neighbour.

There are no people in the world, however ignorant, ſavage, and brutal, but have, in ſpite of their ſtupidity, believed in a God, and at the ſame time preſcribed ſome kind of worſhip, by which they might render him homage; which makes it evident, that the opinion of the exiſtence of a God, carries along with it the indiſpenſible duty of ſerving him. This is ſo abſolutely neceſſary, that though men were ſo wicked as not to acknowledge it, yet their own hearts would be ſure to convince them of it. Your mind, my ſon, is repleniſhed with that knowledge, oblige it alſo to deſcend upon your will, and

and by that light, with which it has pleaſed God to enlighten your underſtanding, rectify whatever may be defective in your inclinations. Fulfil theſe duties, which are inſeparable from this knowledge of God; that is, fear, love, and obey him. Amidſt the ſorrow which your abſence will occaſion me, this affords me no ſmall ſubject of comfort, that I believe you would not have neglected theſe duties, though I had not exhorted you to them. My being perſuaded of this, has made me ſuppreſs a great number of thoughts, which would have furniſhed me with abundance of matter to have made the preceding diſcourſe as long as the two which are to follow.

Before I enter upon this ſecond part, the ſubject of which is to be your duty to yourſelf, I muſt put you in mind of the moral dialogue I compoſed for your inſtruction when you was very young; and alſo that *faith*, *hope*, and *charity* are the chriſtian virtues which regulate our duty to God. Faith teaches us ſubmiſſion to his will in all things, charity unites us to him in time, and by hope we are exalted to him thro' all eternity. You muſt further call to remembrance, that *prudence*, *fortitude*, *temperance*, and *juſtice*, are the moral virtues which regulate our duty to ourſelves and our neighbour. The firſt of theſe four virtues is intermixed with the other three, and ſerves for a kind of ſeaſoning to them: fortitude and temperance reſpect every perſon in particular; and juſtice is the bond of ſociety, without which men would live like wolves, and could not agree in any meaſures for their common benefit, which we ought to have particularly in our view, next to the glory of God. Thus, my ſon, in this ſecond head of inſtruction, I ſhall entertain you with theſe three firſt virtues, prudence, temperance, and fortitude. Prudence ought to be the rule of all our actions and conduct. Temperance will teach you how to govern yourſelf in proſ-

perity, and not to allow yourself to be poiſoned with its pleaſures: and fortitude will inſtruct you how to behave in adverſity, and not to deſpond under afflictions. And altho' the ſubject be very large, I ſhall endeavour to handle it as briefly as poſſible, that I may give you nothing but the juice and marrow of it, to nouriſh without overcharging you.

Man is born for ſociety, without which, virtue would have no followers; the world would be without allurements, and life without pleaſures. God having created man by his Almighty power, ſaid, that it was not good for him to be alone, and of his extraordinary bounty made him a help, and formed a perſon with whom he might be in ſociety. This ſociety is nothing elſe, but a reciprocal communication amongſt different perſons, who cohabit and aſſiſt one another, and by mutual good offices endeavour to render life more agreeable, and to remove from it all manner of trouble and uneaſineſs. According to the temper and diſpoſition of thoſe who make up this ſociety, it is either good or bad: for, as *Solomon* ſays, *He that walketh with wiſe men ſhall be wiſe, but a companion of fools ſhall be deſtroyed. Evil communication corrupts good manners*; and therefore, my ſon, you ought to take particular care to make a right choice of the perſons with whom you aſſociate. Do not liſten to nature in this; for according to its common inclination to evil, it might be ready to enſnare you into vicious company. Liſten rather to the dictates of piety; it will tell you, *Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not into the way of evil men.* Conſult prudence, it will teach you how to chuſe your friends; which is a matter of the greateſt conſequence to you, becauſe it is certain that a man commonly contracts the paſſions of thoſe with whom he converſes, which the ancients knew ſo well, that they never made

Choice of Company.

made the leaſt difficulty to judge of a man's qualifications by the company he kept. *Tell me*, ſaid they, *what company you keep, and I will tell you what perſon you are.* Frequent, then, my ſon, as much as poſſible, the company of men of honour and probity; or at leaſt of thoſe who are reputed ſo, and amongſt thoſe pick out one of the moſt virtuous, and endeavour to make him your friend. Be not ſurprized that I uſe the word friend in the ſingular number, for it is not eaſy to make many; and I have always thought that a real friend is no leſs rare in ſociety, than the philoſopher's ſtone in chymiſtry: many have carefully ſought for one all their life without finding him. Uſe your utmoſt endeavours to procure one, and you will not be unhappy if you ſucceed. Spare neither complaiſance, reſpect, nor ſervices for that purpoſe; provided theſe ſervices, reſpect, and complaiſance, do not deſcend to baſeneſs, which can never happen if you make choice of ſome virtuous man, ſuch as I have deſcribed, to unite yourſelf with a tender, ſincere, and ſtrict ſociety. Friendſhip begets friendſhip. Love then, my ſon, that you may be beloved. It is true, that a ſimilitude of tempers and inclinations contributes much to engage our love: wherefore, if you would have a man of merit and virtue to love you, imitate his virtue, and that will the more eaſily procure his affections? which when you have once procured, take care you be guilty of nothing to make you loſe it. Endeavour, as much as poſſible, to prevent him by your care, civilities and reſpect towards him; and when you have had certain proofs of his having given you his heart, and if you have opened yours to him, keep not your purſe ſhut from him, if he has occaſion for it. If unluckily any ſubject of coldneſs ſhould ariſe between you, and that prudence adviſes you to break up with him entirely, take care that your friendſhip be unſewed without tearing

tearing it; that is, do not break up with a noiſe, but retire ſoftly.

Pride. There is ſcarce any thing in ſociety which occaſions more juſt and frequent obſtacles to the acquiſition of friends, than pride. This is the vice which of the firſt angels made the firſt devils. Take care, my ſon, not to be tainted with it; and if you would have thoſe with whom you converſe, to love you, be humble towards all. *A man's pride ſhall bring him low, but honour ſhall uphold the humble in ſpirit*, ſays the wiſe man. *God reſiſteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble. The man of a proud ſpirit is an abomination to the Lord.* A proud man is attended with this misfortune, that he diſpleaſes every body but himſelf. It is impoſſible for a vain man to love reproof, and a man who hates correction can never be reaſonable. The wiſe man aſſures us of this, when he ſays, *A wiſe man will hear and will increaſe learning, but fools deſpiſe wiſdom and inſtruction. Poverty and diſgrace ſhall fall upon him who rejects it, but he who loves reproof ſhall be honoured.* If you deſire honour, my ſon, render yourſelf worthy of it; and if you would be worthy of it, fly not only from pride, fly alſo from covetouſneſs, gluttony, idleneſs, uncleanneſs, anger, and envy. Theſe are vices which the whole world cry out againſt, and which, notwithſtanding, prevail thro' the whole world. In the ſame order that I have named them to you, I ſhall give the reaſons which ought to make you abhore them.

Covetouſneſs. Covetouſneſs is the root of all evil, and even leads men, as St *Paul* ſays to *Timothy, to err from the Faith.* It makes them fall into temptation, into the ſnares of the devil, and into divers furious and dangerous luſts, which plunge them into the abyſs of perdition. This divine apoſtle is not ſatisfied with giving us in this place, a deſcription, which ought to create in

in us an abhorrence of it; but to increaſe it, he adds further, in his epiſtle to the *Coloſſians*, that it is *idolatry*: and certainly he gives it this deſignation, becauſe whenever it is eſtabliſhed in an heart, it baniſhes from it all fear of God, to ſubſtitute in its place the love of the world, and theſe goods which are called the goods of fortune. *Take heed and beware of covetouſneſs*, ſays Jeſus Chriſt, by St *Luke*, *for a man's life conſiſteth not in the abundance of the things which he poſſeſſeth.* Its aim is to heap up riches by all means; and however unlawful they be, yet to the covetous man they are always fair. I ſaid that its aim is to keep up riches, for the covetous man takes care not to uſe them. He lives like a beggar, to have the pleaſure of dying rich. To his riches he annexes the quality of unjuſt, as he is termed in the goſpel, becauſe, inſtead of making them, by his prudent diſpenſation, an inſtrument of his ſalvation, they become, by the bad uſe he makes of them, the cauſe of his condemnation.

Before I ſpeak of the other vices, of which I propoſed to ſhew you the deformity, in order to create in you an averſion to them, I muſt warn you, my ſon, that however ſtrong man's natural propenſity is to evil, yet he endeavours to cloak, as much as poſſible, his inclination to vice, under the appearance of its oppoſite virtue, of which I ſhall give you one example, to ſerve for all. The covetous man, let him be ever ſo deeply engaged in his ſordid vice, yet is ſenſible of its naughtineſs, but endeavours to diſguiſe it under the name of good œconomy; and having once perſuaded himſelf of it, he would willingly have all others to be of the ſame perſuaſion. All thoſe who are addicted to any particular vice, follow the ſame method for their juſtification; I warn you of this, my ſon, that you may avoid falling into ſo unreaſonable a practice, and that you may not be reduced to the neceſſity

ceſſity of attempting to conceal your vicious inclination, under the ſhadow of an apparent virtue.

After having given you this advice, which I thought neceſſary, that I may not make too long a digreſſion, I ſhall proceed to ſpeak of gluttony, which follows covetouſneſs. Theſe two vices are very oppoſite in their means, but have a great conformity in their effects. The covetous man heaps up riches, which are prejudicial to him; and the glutton ſpares nothing to procure pleaſures, which muſt tend to his deſtruction. The firſt, to ſatisfy his covetouſneſs, abſtains from things needful; and the other, to ſatisfy his ſenſuality, cannot abſtain from ſuperfluities. The one locks up his reaſon in his coffers with his gold and ſilver; and the other laviſhes it away upon his wine and delicious food, which are his ordinary delights. What can be expected from a man of ſuch a ſtamp? God ordained us to eat, only to preſerve our life; but the glutton imagines, that he lives for no other end but to eat; of which he is ſo firmly perſuaded, that it is impoſſible for him to apply himſelf with pleaſure to any duty of civil ſociety; and how can it be expected he ſhould, when he knows no other pleaſure but his palate, *who makes his kitchen his temple, and his belly his God?* Fly, my ſon, from a vice whoſe effects are ſo deſtructive. In following the advice I here give you, you will obey the holy Scripture, which ſays, *Be not among wine-bibbers, among riotous eaters of fleſh; for the drunkard and the glutton ſhall come to poverty, and drowſineſs ſhall clothe a man with rags.* The ſpirit of God joins drowſineſs and gluttony together, to teach us that a man cannot be a glutton without being a ſluggard. The weight of his high feeding communicates itſelf to the ſtomach, and that of the ſtomach aſcends to the brains, and no wonder if all theſe different weights clog the mind, and render it incapable of performing

Gluttony.

performing the offices for which it was deſigned. The moſt remarkable difference betwixt a man and a ſtatue is the power of ſenſation and motion; and the ſluggard has ſo little of either, that it is no wonder there is ſo little difference betwixt him and a ſtatue. The latter never moves but when it is carried, and the firſt never acts but when he is excited to it. His ſlowneſs in all his actions, both of body and mind, is a kind of lethargy in both, which he would not have cured tho' he could, becauſe his whole pleaſure conſiſts in his ſlothfulneſs, and the very thoughts of a moderate exerciſe, which would afford pleaſure to any other man, are a puniſhment to him. The apoſtle may tell him, *that he who will not work ſhould not eat*; but that is to no purpoſe, there muſt be ſomething more preſſing to rouſe him, and even neceſſity itſelf, as perſuaſive as it is, can ſcarce drag him out of his ordinary lazineſs, the ſweetneſs of which touches him more ſenſibly, than all the advantage he could reap from an honeſt employment. He acts never a whit more warmly for the heavenly intereſt, than for that of the world; by which you may judge, that if he is not a good citizen, he is no better Chriſtian; and you may believe, that, as the glutton has not conſulted temperance to regulate his conduct, neither has the ſluggard liſtened to fortitude in regulating his. One of the principal motives of your voyage, as you proteſted to me, my ſon, is, that you may contribute ſomething to your own fortune, and you ſee that ſloth will never ſecond you in ſo reaſonable a deſign. *He becometh poor that dealeth with a ſlack hand, but the hand of the diligent maketh rich.* If you would perſuade me, that you have not diſguiſed your ſentiments, be diligent; and to that end, uſe your utmoſt efforts to overcome by degrees the great pleaſure you find in ſleep. Do not wait for a prompter to the buſineſs for which you are deſigned; or, if you ſhould need

need one. let it be your honour, which leading you every morning to your labour, may keep you close at it the greatest part of the day, with a commendable assiduity. Be no surprized, my son, that I am obstinate in combating lazines, by all the weapons that the love I bear to you can possibly furnish me with. I am led to it, not only for the reason already advanced, but also because it is the road which leads us to another capital vice, to which we have naturally but too great an inclination; that is uncleanness, the most abominable of all sins, which transforms our bodies, which are the temples of the Holy Ghost, into common shores. I shall describe it to you in few words, not chusing to entertain you long with the picture of a crime so hideous, that the apostle of the Gentiles would not have it so much as named amongst Christians, and calls it the blackest of all sins, because, says he, *Every sin that a man doth, is without the body, but he that committeth fornication, sinneth against his own body.*

Uncleanness.

You must know then, my son, that uncleanness proceeds from these two last vices, of which I have been treating. *Gluttony begets it, and idleness brings it forth.* Be not surprized, that such a bad child is the birth of such wicked parents, retains the inclination of those to whom it owes its being, and even outdoes them in the facility of hurting us; since it alone does us more mischief than both they together. Gluttony and idleness affect our bodies, before they seize our minds; but uncleanness takes possession of our spirits, before it subjects our bodies; and having rendered itself absolute master of that which was given us for our conduct, carries us whithersoever it pleases, by a tyranny so absolute and unavoidable, that we cannot resist its will, tho', in executing it; we commonly find our utter destruction. This enemy is so much the more

more dangerous, that it employs no other weapon to deſtroy us but that of ſenſuality, which turning us aſide from virtue by the bait of certain pleaſures, which it propoſes agreeable to our natures, ſtifles us by its falſe embraces. Theſe pleaſures ſeduce us by their artifices, charm us by their ſmiles, and engage us ſo deeply in their ſervice, that it is impoſſible for us to ſhake of their fetters. They are ſo many *Delilahs* that lull us aſleep, for no other reaſon but to ſhave off our locks, and then to afflict us by throwing us into an abyſs of vices. They tear, drag, hurry us in ſpite of ourſelves; and whither, my ſon, do you think they hurry us? To eternal perdition, if we do not endeavour to prevent their wicked intentions, by a ſerious repentance, which will prove ineffectual, if it ſhould come too late. Fly then from ſuch guides, which would conduct you to ſo deſtructive an end. Fly them, I ſay, more ſwiftly than you would fly from thieves, who are watching you on the highway; for they might poſſibly put up with your money and clothes, but the other will have nothing leſs than both ſoul and body. You will be the more eaſily induced, my ſon, to follow my advice, if you conſider, that ſenſual pleaſures commonly take advantage of our weakneſs, attaching us to them under the appearance of certain ſweetneſs which they promiſe us, and at laſt produce nothing but bitterneſs. In this they are like *Laban*, who knowing the inclination of *Jacob*, engaged him in ſeven years ſervice for the beautiful *Rachel*, and at the expiration of the term gave him the hard favoured *Leah*. You will be able, I ſay, to follow this advice with the greater eaſe, if you repreſent to yourſelf the baſeneſs and infamy of the ſenſual luſts, which uncleanneſs employs to ſeduce us, the ſhortneſs of their continuance, the miſchiefs inſeparable from their end, and the great danger of eternal pain, being the

price of pleaſures which continue only for an hour or a moment. Temperance will teach you to avoid theſe dangers, if you take its advice; and after having ſhewed you, that ſenſual luſts are dangerous miſtreſſes, it will make you acknowledge, that it can make them agreeable ſervants, becauſe it purges them of all the poiſon they had contracted from the impurity of their birth; and diſarming them of all their weapons they had to hurt us, it makes them, contrary to their inclination, contribute to our honeſt entertainment.

Temperance.

I am next, my ſon, to ſpeak to you of anger and envy. The firſt of theſe vices throws a man into the utmoſt irregularity. It baniſhes reaſon from his mind; and no ſooner it takes poſſeſſion of his heart, than it actuates him with ſuch violent and tempeſtuous motions, that anger has got very juſtly the name of a *ſhort madneſs*. In effect, fury is its firſt production, and brutality the next. You need no more to convince you of this truth, but only to obſerve the actions of a man inflamed with anger, which are ſo many convincing evidences of it; and if his words did not diſcover him to be a man, you would be ready to take him for a wild beaſt. And truly, he is as far removed from the meekneſs proper to his ſpecies by his tranſports, as he approaches near to the fierceneſs of wild beaſts by his paſſions; and his mind ſuffers ſuch violent and extraordinary motions, that it imprints the marks of them upon his countenance ſo diſtinctly, that it is eaſy to diſcover from theſe outſide characters, the ſtrange diſorder it ſuffers within. It was by this ſimple obſervation, that a learned man of our time found the means, he had ſearched for to no purpoſe in the ſecrets of philoſophy, to abate the inclination one of his diſciples had to this vice. He diſcovered to him, in the countenance of a man tranſported with

Anger.

with paſſion, ſuch an alteration, and ſo great a difference from his ordinary appearance, that from the effects returning to the cauſe, he had no great difficulty in making him conceive, that a ſtream ſo much infected could proceed from no other than a poiſoned fountain, and by that means he created in him ſuch an averſion for it; that in a great meaſure he removed his aptneſs to be overcome by anger. Before him the *Lacedæmonians* uſed the ſame artifice, to make their children conceive an abhorrence for drunkenneſs. They made their ſlaves drink to exceſs, and in this plight brought them out before them, that the children obſerving them reel and ſtagger about like madmen, might conceive an irreconcileable hatred of that abominable vice which was the occaſion of it. You muſt do the ſame, my ſon, with reſpect to anger, which is a kind of drunkenneſs that attacks our mind, and diſturbs our reaſon, with fumes more dangerous than thoſe of wine, becauſe they continue longer, and produce more dangerous effects. In ſhort, to give you an eaſy and infallible remedy againſt wrath, whatever may be the cauſe to excite you to it, put in practice the advice of a great perſonage of a late age, who exhorts us to yield early to reaſon, which we will be obliged to do to time. To this wholſome advice add thoſe which fortitude will ſuggeſt to you. If you conſult this heroic virtue, which is the ſupport of all the reſt, as prudence is their guide, you will find no great difficulty in ſucceeding.

Envy.

Envy is the laſt vice I am to deſcribe to you, and is of all others the moſt baſe and ſervile. It is that which inſpired man with a crime, which made him fly directly in the face of God and nature, and by that means made him come ſhort of his duty to both at once, and in the ſame action commit both ſacrilege and fratri-

cide, when it hurried on *Cain* to efface the image of God in his brother, by murdering him. It is a paſſion which, after having poiſoned the mind, carries alſo its poiſon into the body, corrupts the whole maſs of blood, ſpreads its venom into every vein, renders the countenance pale, ghaſtly, hideous, and, in ſpite of all the care it takes to conceal itſelf, breaks forth by disfiguring the perſon it poſſeſſes. And we may ſay with reaſon, that if anger is a fire which inflames us, envy is one which dries us up, and that it carries in its boſom the puniſhment of the envious perſon, ſeeing it allows him no repoſe, either by day or night. It is like a hectick fever which conſumes ſlowly, and which it is very difficult to cure, when a man by his negligence hath ſuffered it to take deep root. The envious man flies directly in the face of God; he reckons it his greateſt miſery, that providence has diſtributed any of his gifts to others: The miſeries of others are his only delight: His neighbour's health impairs his; and no ſooner is his neighbour in pain, but he recovers: He dilutes his moſt agreeable draughts in the bitterneſs of his neighbour's tears: His particular uneaſineſs ariſes from the public ſatisfaction; the profits which go not into his own coffers, appear to him to be taken out of them; and it is impoſſible to render him happy, but by making all his acquaintance miſerable: When another man has a moderate harveſt, it renders his inſupportable, tho' never ſo plentiful; and all the proſperity in the world would be a burden to him, if he was obliged to ſhare but the ſmalleſt part of it with any other man. You ſee, my ſon, that a man of this diſpoſition can never be in peace with men, and commonly he is at war even with God. By this you may judge, what repoſe he enjoys, either of ſoul or body. Others limit their miſeries to their own proper misfortunes, which

which are ſo different and numerous, even in the beſt circumſtances, that, let a man be ever ſo happy, he muſt repay the ſweetneſs of a few hours, by the bitterneſs of many days; but the envious man, beſides his own particular misfortunes, creates to himſelf an infinite number more, ariſing from the happineſs of others. It is with the happineſs of others that the envious man is afflicted, and upon their afflictions he is regaled. Fly then, my ſon, from this ſo deteſtable and hurtful a vice, with which it is impoſſible to be tainted, without becoming your own puniſher, as well as your executioner. You need not doubt, but that after it has in this life furiouſly tormented thoſe whom it poſſeſſes, in that which is to come it ſhall throw them into that fiery furnace, prepared by the juſtice of God for all thoſe who will not reſpectfully ſubmit to his providence.

The deſcription of the vices I have named to you has been longer than I expected. I wiſh to God, it may be not only plain enough to excite in you that averſion which you ought to have for them, but alſo powerful enough to perſuade you to the practice of their oppoſite virtues. A thing is never better known than by its oppoſite; and if you have thoroughly comprehended the reaſons which ought to make you abhor pride, covetouſneſs, gluttony, ſloth, uncleanneſs, anger, and envy, you will be the more eaſily induced, for the good of both ſoul and body, to love humility, honeſt œconomy, ſobriety, diligence, chaſtity, moderation, and charity; and, in order to follow them, you muſt be regulated by the leſſons you will learn from prudence, fortitude, and temperance, whoſe counſels muſt certainly be both wholeſome and beneficial to you, if you ſubmit to them. Amongſt all the good offices that theſe virtues may be able to render you, I wiſh from my heart, my ſon, (and God grant it may be ſo) that they may excite in you as much

Lying.

love of truth, as young people commonly have inclination to lying. Conceive an abhorrence to that vice, to do which the more eaſily, remember, that Jeſus Chriſt gave himſelf the name of the TRUTH, to teach us that he loves thoſe that are ſuch. And why do you think is the devil called, in the holy ſcripture, the father of lies, but to teach us, that all liars are his children? This is the true character of all thoſe who have an inclination to this vice, and ſuffer their inclination to turn into a habit. I know that thoſe who would make excuſe for it, pretend that a certain ſecret ſhame of acknowledging a fault imputed to them, frequently lays them under a neceſſity of lying. This is a bad example *Adam* has left to his poſterity; but what, do you think, are all thoſe ſhifts men make to diſguiſe the truth! They are juſt ſo many fig-leaves, through which it breaks out in ſpite of them all, and is diſcovered from the confuſion into which the liar falls, through a conſciouſneſs of his guilt: and if this conſciouſneſs could afford, to thoſe concerned with him, any hope of his more regular conduct for the future, it might be ſome comfort to them; but common experience teaches us, that a man who has been guilty of a crime, and endeavoured to excuſe it by a lie, doth not repent ſo much of his having been guilty, as of his having been reputed ſo. In exhorting you, my ſon, never to make a lie, I do not pretend to adviſe you to tell all the truth at all times; this would be imprudent upon ſome certain occaſions; but lying is a crime at all times, and the beſt way to avoid it, is to ſpeak little, and to live well. A man has no reaſon to diſguiſe any thing when he does well, nor to make a lie when he reflects on what he has to ſay, and in ſaying it conſults *prudence*, the definition of which will be ſufficient to convince you of this. *It is a habit of the underſtanding, which preſcribes to the appetite*

Definition of Prudence.

appetite honeſt and convenient means, by which it may arrive at a favourable and happy end. And you ſee, that however advantageous the end you propoſe in any enterprize may be, the means cannot be honeſt, if you have had recourſe to a lie in bringing it about. A hatred of this vice will not only make you more reſerved in all your words, but alſo more circumſpect in all your actions; and eſtabliſhing ſincerity in your heart, will create in you an abhorrence of lying and calumny, which are two public plagues, from whence moſt of our troubles ariſe, becauſe they are commonly the ſubject of our quarrels.

Probity.

Probity always follows ſincerity, and theſe two qualities are as abſolutely neceſſary for enabling us to perform our duties of piety, as thoſe of ſociety. A man can no more be a good chriſtian without probity, than he can at the ſame time be both an honeſt man and a cheat. In religion, diſguiſing is ſacrilege, and lying is a crime in commerce. By commerce, my ſon, I do not only underſtand that which is called civil ſociety, but alſo that employment in life to which men have appropriated the name of *trade.* It is principally in that commerce that honeſty ought to reign; if it is not there, the name of things is inverted, by giving that of commerce to what is nothing elſe but a ſecret robbery. You have undertaken this voyage, with an intention of applying yourſelf entirely to that; remember that labour and virtue ought to be the principal employment of your profeſſion, and not pleaſure and indolence. The voluptuous and ſlothful change their natures from the human into the brutal, by a transformation ſo much the more ſhameful, as it is voluntary. If you would have your affairs to ſucceed, never undertake any thing above your power, and of which you have not a perfect knowledge. And, on the other hand, take care, that the means you

you uſe to make them ſucceed be perfectly juſt; but however juſt the means be, and whatever perfect knowledge you have of what you undertake, begin nothing without imploring the bleſſing of God upon your enterprize. Your care, however aſſiduous, would be to no purpoſe, and perhaps hurtful, if not attended by his bleſſing. And if, after theſe precautions, it ſhould not pleaſe providence to grant the deſired ſucceſs, ſtill praiſe his holy name, and ſubmit yourſelf entirely and reſpectfully to his will, reſting ſatisfied, that if it had not been more, both for his glory and your good, it would not have been ſo ordered.

Make the beſt and moſt judicious uſe of any favourable occaſion your good fortune ſhall preſent. Theſe are now a-days but rare, and not eaſily found; take care not to ſuffer them to eſcape, if you ſhould meet with any, leſt you ſhould hunt after them in vain when they are paſt.

Huſband your time well; if once you loſe it, you will never recover it again. A new gain may repair an old loſs, but that of time is irreparable.

In exhorting you to apply to your buſineſs, I do not mean, that you ſhould give up yourſelf ſo entirely to it, as to take no manner of relaxation. I know that the body can no more be ſupported under labour for a long time, than the mind under a conſtant application, without ſome reaſonable ſuſpenſion to both from their reſpective functions, to recover the ſtrength they have exhauſted. For this reaſon, I am ſo far from diſcharging you from diverſion, that I adviſe you to it, with this reſtriction only, that you make choice of ſuch as are conſiſtent with honeſty and innocence. But amongſt this ſort I do not reckon games of chance, the effects of which, for the moſt part, are contrary to both. That of a moderate bodily exerciſe is more proper for a Chriſtian and an honeſt man, than any other kind; and I would

Gaming.

would not wiſh you ever to do any thing that might be a ſcandal upon either of theſe two characters. However, as in this the choice muſt depend upon the inclination, you would do well to regulate yours, as much as poſſible, by your duty, which will tell you, that whatever kind of game you take to divert yourſelf with, you ought to take care not to make your pleaſure your employment. For that purpoſe, ſee that your game be an agreeable diverſion, and not a troubleſome affair, as that of a great loſs would be, if you ſhould expoſe yourſelf to hazard conſiderable ſums. Never run the riſk of quitting with pain, that which you intended for pleaſure. This can never happen if you play for diverſion; that is, if you play only for a trifle, and merely with a view of recruiting your ſpirits when they are exhauſted by exceſs of buſineſs. And however inconſiderable a matter it be you play for, take care it be with perſons you know, to avoid becoming the ſubject of their ridicule, after having been that of their knavery.

Ignorance and Preſumption.

Ignorance and preſumption are two vices almoſt as old as man; avoid them carefully, my ſon. For that end, ſeek after inſtruction, and never be aſhamed to aſk advice from thoſe of more knowledge than yourſelf. Be diffident of yourſelf, and inſtead of being affronted when counſel is offered you, accept of it with calmneſs and reſpect, reſerving to yourſelf the liberty of following it, after having examined it by the rules of reaſon and prudence.

Reading.

Love reading, it is by that the judgment is ſtrengthened, the memory enriched, and the underſtanding acquires new light. It is alſo by that we learn to expreſs ourſelves with energy, elegance, and beauty; inſomuch, that reading may be called the means of procuring to us the greateſt part of the advantages

tages we can reap, either from converſation or meditation. But do not read merely to make yourſelf more knowing; read chiefly to render yourſelf better. For that end, make choice of good books, moſt frequently applying yourſelf to thoſe of piety; in reading of which endeavour to imitate the bee, which gathers the juice from the flowers, to make honey of it in proper ſeaſon. To make the beſt of their example, whether you read books of devotion, morality, or hiſtory, be ſure to collect into a common place any fine remarks you make, which will aſſiſt your memory, and frequently ſave you the trouble of a long ſearch after ſuch thoughts as you may have occaſion for.

Do not amuſe yourſelf with reading romances; they warm the imagination without enriching the mind; and although they repreſent virtue in the higheſt degree it can aſcend to, yet they conceal abundance of poiſon beneath beautiful flowers, and eſpecially to young people. You would do well to avoid reading of this kind, it being a ſnare ſo much the more difficult to eſcape, as it appears to have little danger in it, though really there is a great deal.

Take care, my ſon, that the deſire of riches do not make you fall upon bad means to acquire them, and for that end lead you to actions not only baſe and mercenary, but even ſhameful and unjuſt. *Divers weights, and divers meaſures, both of them are alike an abomination to the Lord. Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treaſure and trouble therewith. And remember, that godlineſs with contentment is great gain.*

Ambition. Fly ambition, though by ſome it is called the error of great ſouls, yet I have always looked upon it as the diſtemper of giddy minds. It is an inſatiable monſter; its deſigns, as well as its expectations, are unlimited. And let the ambitious man be ever ſo lucky in

in his enterprizes, his ſucceſs rather inflames than ſatisfies his deſires. His elevation to one employment which he expected, diſcovers to him another, without which his happineſs appears imperfect. In proportion as his glory and honour increaſe, his deſires and pretenſions are multiplied, ſo that the whole world would ſcarce ſatisfy him. He cannot bear an equal, far leſs a ſuperior. His life paſſes in a perpetual diſquietude both of body and mind: Tranquility and repoſe are to him unknown ground; and frequently the great care he takes to exalt himſelf, ſerves for no other purpoſe but to render his fall the more terrible. Keep at a diſtance then, my ſon, from ſo dangerous a road, in which are many more precipices than reſting places.

If it come to your knowledge, that any man hath ſpoke evil of you, examine into it without prejudice; and if you find you deſerved it, amend your fault, and reckon yourſelf obliged to thoſe who procured you this advantage. And even though you ſhould be blamed innocently, diſcover no kind of ſpite or animoſity; for daily experience teaches us, that the contempt of calumny makes it die, whereas reſentment revives it. *Calumny.*

A great man of this age has ſaid, that all the virtues are ſwallowed up in intereſt, as the rivers are in the ocean. Avoid, my ſon, this intereſted principle, which makes us purſue our own advantage with ſo great eagerneſs, that we forget the juſtice we owe to others. Regulate your intereſt by reaſon and the law of nature, which will teach you, *Not to do to others what you would not wiſh others ſhould do to you.* *Intereſt.*

Take care never to be too cavilling, not to have too great an anxiety about a trifle, no more than to make a trifle of real buſineſs. Endeavour to live in peace with all the world, and rather yield *Cavilling and Anxiety.*

yield part of your own right, than enter into diſpute with any man. That which another would perhaps call, upon ſuch an occaſion, giving his goods to ſatisfy the covetouſneſs of others, do you conſider as a thing you employ to preſerve the tranquillity of your mind, and repoſe of your body, which you ought to prefer to all the riches in the world.

Exactneſs. Never delay to another time, what you can do immediately. Whatever you do, let it be done orderly, and without confuſion, and take care, that the ſame regularity be obſerved in your clothes, books, and ſmalleſt papers, that is in your moſt conſiderable affairs.

Regulate your expences by your fortune, and ſo far as it will allow you, do not deny yourſelf things honeſt and neceſſary; but beware of taking pleaſure in ſuperfluities, leſt that inſenſibly reduce you to inability of furniſhing yourſelf with things needful.

Dreſs. Though the neceſſity of wearing clothes be one of the firſt conſequences of ſin, yet there are many who make it the principal ſubject of their vanity, and one of the moſt troubleſome employments of their life. Clothes, which were introduced merely to protect men from the injuries of the weather, and which therefore ought to be deſigned for no other purpoſe, are not uſeful to ſuch perſons, even to that end. They uſe them as much to gratify the intemperance of their minds, as to protect their bodies from the intemperance of the ſeaſons. This weakneſs is common to both ſexes, and though it be inſufferable in both, yet it is much more to be condemned in men than in women, becauſe a great part of the female ſex, making their merit to conſiſt in their agreeable outward appearance, it is not to be wondered at, if they value themſelves upon the diverſity of their ornaments, elegance of their dreſs, and magnificence of their apparel:

apparel: but men, who ought to be more reaſonable, ſhould deſpiſe ſuch mean and low methods of making themſelves conſiderable, as unworthy of them, and never ſeek to diſtinguiſh themſelves, but by their virtue and fine accompliſhments. This is what I exhort you to, my ſon, provided ſtill that you regulate yourſelf, with reſpect to your dreſs, by decency, your fortune, and eſpecially by reaſon. If you do this, your dreſs will be always honeſtly moderate; *you will be then without affectation, agreeable without luxury, and genteel without effeminacy.*

Never be either the firſt or the laſt to follow the faſhions; a too eaſy compliance with them makes a man the ſubject of ridicule, and too great ſtiffneſs in oppoſing them makes him paſs for whimſical. Avoid equally both theſe extremes; and decently keeping yourſelf betwixt the two, give the world more reaſon to praiſe your modeſty, than to condemn your pride. Let them eſteem you more for your perſonal endowments, than for your foreign trappings. In a word, take more care to embelliſh your mind with fine qualities, than to deck your body with fine clothes.

Converſation.

Whether you ſpeak or write endeavour to expreſs much in few words; but whatever facility you have of expreſſing yourſelf with neatneſs, grace, and energy, be ſure, when you are in converſation, to liſten attentively to others, that you may be able to anſwer them to purpoſe, if you intend either to pleaſe or perſuade them. Above all, remember that converſation is not like a monarchy, where only one has a right to dictate, but rather a kind of republic, where all the members of which it is compoſed have each, in his turn, the liberty of ſpeaking his thoughts.

Secrecy.

Secrecy is the ſoul of deſigns; upon it commonly depends their ſucceſs, and the more important an undertaking is the more care ought to be taken not to diſcover it.

Take care, my ſon, when you form any reſolution, however inconſiderable it be, that no body perceive it. Without this precaution, you have reaſon to fear, it may happen to you, as it frequently does to mines, the whole effect of which terminates in ſmoak, if they ſee but the leaſt air.

Idleneſs. Avoid idleneſs; it is a kind of palſy in the mind, ſo much the more dangerous, as it is ſcarce ever cured without producing ſome diſorder. Man was created for action, he muſt of neceſſity be continually employed, and if it is not in doing good, he is infallibly led to do evil. Idleneſs has this quality in common with ſtanding waters, that, as they ordinarily produce ſerpents, it begets commonly vices.

Curioſity. There are many men, who have a ſtrong inclination to know what paſſes among others, whilſt for the moſt part they are ignorant of what is doing in their own affairs; this curioſity I have always thought baſe, and unworthy of an honeſt man. Avoid it, my ſon; and in order to do ſo, imagine with yourſelf, that the perſon about whoſe concerns you want to be informed, is either your friend, or an indifferent perſon: if the laſt, what ſatisfaction could it afford you, to know the particulars of his affairs? but if he be your friend, why would you penetrate into a ſecret, which his ſilence ſhews you he intends to conceal?

Diſſimulation. It belongs only to kings to ſay, he who cannot diſſemble, cannot reign. Diſſimulation, which is ſometimes a virtue in ſovereigns, is always a vice in private perſons. Not but that there may be ſome occaſions, where it would be prudent not to diſcover all our thoughts; but upon ſuch occaſions as theſe, you ought to behave in ſuch a reſerved manner, my ſon, that what you ſpeak may not cauſe you to be taxed with imprudence, and what you conceal may not cauſe you to be ſuſpected of diſguiſing yourſelf.

If

If you happen to meet with company where there are ſtrangers, take care you do not fall into an error, but too common, of judging of their merit by the richneſs of their clothes, or the prettineſs of their diſcourſe. Both theſe appearances are doubtful: and experience ſhews us, that frequently theſe are not the perſons of greateſt honour who are beſt dreſſed, nor the honeſteſt men who are moſt eloquent; on the contrary, fine apparel is often a kind of dumb eloquence, which impoſes only upon weak minds, and an eaſy agreeable manner of expreſſion is a falſe ſpeaking ornament which miſleads the ignorant. Take care, my ſon, upon ſuch occaſions, never to be prepoſſeſſed. Impoſe this law upon your judgment, never to determine a thing till you are ſure of it, and endeavour to penetrate further than the outward appearance, before you judge well or ill of any man. *Judging of Company.*

Flattery is to the mind what poiſon is to the body, with this difference, that all the world hates poiſon, whereas flattery is as univerſally beloved. The paſſion that mankind has for it is a kind of leproſy which has infected the whole world. It goes from the court to the country, is to be found in ſhepherds cottages as well as in the palaces of kings. It reigns indeed amongſt kings with more pomp and delicacy than amongſt the populace, but it is only to produce more dangerous and pernicious effects, in proportion to the power of theſe perſons amongſt whom it prevails. Proſperity is the mother of flatterers, as intereſt is their ſole aim; and for this reaſon there is a greater number of them amongſt princes than amongſt private men, who nevertheleſs have ſome, the moſt miſerable of all men having at leaſt one to accompany him all his life, and who contracts ſuch an intimacy with him that inſenſibly he makes himſelf an introducer of ſtrange flatterers. Put yourſelf to no trou- *Flattery.*

ble, my ſon, to find out his name, I am going to tell it you, it is *ſelf-love;* it is that which is the conductor of all our errors, which corrupts our judgments, darkens our underſtanding, and in ſhort, diſguiſes truth ſo much that we cannot perceive it. Take care, my ſon, that the information I have given you of the effects commonly produced by this domeſtic flatterer, by putting you upon your guard againſt him and all others, may remove you out of the reach of their attempts, and prevent your being ſeduced by the poiſonous ſweetneſs they may employ, to make their venom pierce to your heart.

Self-love.

I come now, my ſon, to a point equally delicate, important, and difficult to handle; and yet I chuſe to ſay ſomething upon it, that I may have no reaſon to accuſe myſelf of having been ſilent upon any head, from which I judged you might reap the leaſt inſtructions. What I mean is, how you ought to behave in troubleſome and unforeſeen accidents, which may oblige you to declare yourſelf for a party. If I ſhould handle this topic at full length, to diſcuſs it, would require by itſelf a much greater volume than I deſign for you; and this would be contrary to my intention, which is, to make you an honeſt rather than a learned man. And for that purpoſe, I ſhall only offer you two or three ſhort rules. Accidents of this nature are either public or private; and of whatever kind they be, you would do well to avoid having any concern in them, if poſſible. Upon ſuch occaſions, ſtudy your own tranquility, unleſs you can be ſo happy as to contribute to that of others. But if you cannot poſſibly obſerve this neutrality, and an indiſpenſible neceſſity obliges you to make a choice, I would have you in that caſe, my ſon, to follow the advice I ſhall now give you. If it happens to be a public affair, and that the intereſt of your prince is concerned, join thoſe frankly who are upon his ſide.

Party.

It

It is maintaining the right of God, to defend the lawful authority of kings, who are his vicegerents; and the Holy Spirit intermixes the intereſt of thoſe who reign ſo much with that of him who makes them reign, that he ſays, *Whoſoever reſiſteth the power, reſiſteth the ordinance of God.* It is better to die for your prince, than to ſit upon his throne by uſurpation. Do your duty upon ſuch occaſions, without conſulting your intereſt; for this purpoſe, hazard all you are worth, and eſpecially if there is any probability that what you can do ſhall be attended with good conſequences. If, on the contrary, it happens to be a private affair, examine deliberately, and without prejudice, which of the two parties is moſt juſt. This you may eaſily know, becauſe undoubtedly it is that in which the greateſt number of reaſonable and honeſt men is engaged. Embrace that; but after having done ſo, keep yourſelf there with great moderation, without officiouſly intermeddling with any thing that paſſes. Above all, be not concerned in any violent or cruel actions, nor have the leaſt hand in any diſorders, inſolencies, or injuſtices that may be committed. On the contrary, endeavour as much as you can, to calm the paſſionate tempers, to allay their animoſities, and reduce them to ſuch a diſpoſition as may prevent thoſe miſchiefs which would infallibly enſue upon their continuing at variance. I know, my ſon, that neither your birth nor merit can make you of great conſequence to any party; but as it is poſſible ſome occaſions may occur, upon which whatever our ſtation be, we may be obliged to declare ourſelves, even frequently againſt our inclination, I thought in all events, it would not be in vain to give you this advice.

One of the moſt ſenſible and moſt reaſonable ſatisfactions we can have in life *Eſteem.* is, without doubt, to be eſteemed by thoſe who know us. It is this eſteem, when reaſonably

eſtabliſhed, which produces the three kinds of happineſs in civil ſociety, known by the names of *honeſt*, *agreeable* and *uſeful*. The approbation of others is certainly an honeſt and agreeable happineſs; but then it is no leſs uſeful, and eſpecially to perſons concerned in trade, as you are, becauſe from that proceeds the facility which merchants have of entruſting to one another all they poſſeſs, which they commonly call *credit*. Put yourſelf in a condition, my ſon, to deſerve it, ſince it ought to be the mark of your probity, but take care you do not uſe too much freedom with it; it is a point you can never be too tender of, for credit is commonly of great prejudice to thoſe who uſe it without reſerve. It ſooner or later ruins thoſe who have recourſe to it too often. If you love your own quiet, have as little to do with it as poſſible; and for that end, never attempt any thing but what you are able to carry through by yourſelf. I foreſee very well, my ſon, that this will not be the way to make a great fortune; but beſides this one thing, that the richeſt men are not always the moſt happy. It is alſo certain, that you will not be ſo much expoſed to thoſe riſks that are inſeparable from great undertakings, and you will enjoy your own fortune with more tranquility, which is, in my opinion, what we ought chiefly to have in view in all our actions.

Credit.

A cuſtom has prevailed among the *Turks*, rarely to allow the ſon to ſucceed his father in any public office. Vanity has produced almoſt the ſame effect amongſt us in private employments; for it rarely happens, that the children of fathers, whom it has pleaſed providence to bleſs with temporal riches, are pleaſed with the profeſſion by which they have been acquired. Take care, my ſon, not to ſuffer your ſelf to be miſled by this ambition; and whether the fortune that I may have acquired by the bleſſing of God ſuggeſt this thought to you, or you may be

Ambition.

be prompted to it by what you may acquire yourſelf, be ſure to ſtifle it in the very bud, and avoid falling into the weakneſs and vanity of thoſe, who imagine they come ſhort of their duty to themſelves, if they do not endeavour to loſe the remembrance of their firſt condition, by procuring ſome great place. This is the way by which many conſiderable families have entirely ruined themſelves, and fallen back into that nothing out of which their firſt employments had raiſed them. You will never expoſe yourſelf to that riſk, my ſon, if you keep within the bounds of honeſty and moderation. If you be content with your lot, you will be better beloved by God, and more eſteemed by men. Endeavour rather to be an honour to your profeſſion, than to derive your honour from it; and know, that vain glory procures always hatred and contempt to thoſe who are poſſeſſed with it.

Sincerity.

Be diſcreet and ſincere in all your words, honeſt and prudent in all your actions, obliging and affable in all your conduct. Never put a bad conſtruction either upon the words or actions of others, unleſs your judgment of them be authoriſed by that of the public.

Revenge.

Guard againſt being revengeful. Revenge pierces and tears that heart in which it takes up its ſeat. The cauſes for which you deſire it, muſt be either juſt or unjuſt: if unjuſt, your deſire is likewiſe ſo; and if juſt, you become unjuſt by ſeeking to avenge yourſelf, becauſe you anticipate the privilege of God, who has ſaid, *Vengeance is mine.*

Perjury.

To avoid perjury, which is ſcandalous amongſt men, and abominable in the ſight of God, never ſwear at all. *Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay.* If you bring yourſelf into a habit of telling truth alway, the confidence others will put in your words will remove from you the neceſſity of affirming them by an oath.

There

Ingratitude. There is ſcarce a vice in ſociety more unworthy, and at the ſame time more common, than ingratitude. This is the general opinion, as well as the ſubject of univerſal complaint: and if all who complain were innocent of it, none would be guilty; for the whole world complains of it. It is a child of generoſity, but a degenerate one which does not anſwer to the good qualities of its mother; becauſe it is no ſooner born, than it is carried off, and educated by avarice and indolence, who, by the infectious milk with which they nouriſh it, and the bad leſſons they give it, corrupt all the good inclinations that might reaſonably be expected from its birth. Endeavour, my ſon, not to have the leaſt dealings with it, leſt it communicate to you its baſeneſs. The ancients, by a certain myſtery, have limited the graces to the number of three, to teach us, that if one received a favour from another, the third ought to repay it. Make this thought your law, and this leſſon your indiſpenſible duty: That is to ſay, never neglect to return favours that are done you, and even as much as poſſible prevent thoſe of others, by your own good deeds.

Suretiſhip. If my ſatisfaction be not indifferent to you, and if you love your own tranquility, guard againſt ever becoming ſurety for any man, let the ſubject or occaſion of it be what it will. If your friend needs your aſſiſtance, ſerve him with your money and advice, and in ſhort with every thing you can; but reſerve your liberty to yourſelf, without ever engaging it for another. If you have an inclination to aſſiſt a man you love, and have alſo the ability, do it without delay; but if you are not able at that time, why ſhould you oblige yourſelf againſt another time, when, for ought you know, you may be in a worſe condition? Never engage your faith for another, leſt you be obliged to diſengage it for yourſelf. A volun-

voluntary binding yourſelf for another, is throwing your own effects *away;* it is embracing an occaſion of loſing at once your money, your peace, and your friend. I content myſelf, my ſon, to adviſe, intreat, and exhort you, to obſerve all I have hitherto ſaid to you; but I make uſe of all the authority I can have as a father, to diſcharge you from this. Take care you do not contradict my order, unleſs you deſign to expoſe yourſelf to the puniſhment your diſobedience will deſerve.

This moral may appear harſh to ſome, and yet, it is taken from thoſe of a very great king, and the wiſeſt man of his time, who ſays, in the xxii chapter of the *Proverbs*, *Be not thou one of them that ſtrike hands, or of them that are ſurety for debts. If thou haſt nothing to pay, why ſhould he take away thy bed from under thee?* It is from his ſentiments, my ſon, that I think I may juſtify the ſeverity, and perhaps the inhumanity, that ſome people may impute to mine, when I prohibit all kind of ſurety with ſo much rigour.

You leave my houſe, my ſon, ſo well inſtructed in the truths of our religion, that I flatter myſelf, you will be able *to give a reaſon, of the hope that is in you, to all that ſhall aſk it.* Do it then, when occaſion requires, according to the exhortation of St *Peter*, that is, *with meekneſs and fear.* But according to St *Paul*'s advice, avoid entering into diſputes with any man; they rather gall than convince the mind; and the deſire of victory, or the fear of being overcome, frequently reduces the moſt moderate men to the moſt troubleſome extremities. Thus charity almoſt always ſuffers, and the truth is never cleared up; which makes it plain, that we may now ſay of controverſies, what formerly, the holy Apoſtle ſaid of fables and endleſs genealogies, that they *miniſter queſtions, rather than godly edifying, which is in faith.* This faith is the foundation of all chriſtian

Meekneſs.

vir-

virtues, as charity is the perfection, and hope their crown. The firſt has only God for its object, the laſt reſpects only ourſelves, and the other comprehends all we owe to God, ourſelves, and our neighbour.

Charity.

It is becauſe charity teaches us all the duties both of the ſpiritual and temporal life, that the Apoſtle *Paul* prefers it to the other two chriſtian virtues, when he ſays, *And now abideth faith, hope, charity, theſe three; but the greateſt of theſe is charity.* God himſelf is love, *and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.* The other virtues make us approach to God, but this makes us in ſome meaſure like him, becauſe it is one of his principal attributes, and an inexhauſtible fountain of all the graces he communicates to mankind; inſomuch, my ſon, that every time you are charitable, you ſhall imitate one of the moſt ordinary actions of God, who never ceaſes to do good to us, how unworthy ſoever we be of it. As you have therefore opportunity, *do good unto all men, eſpecially unto them who are of the houſhold of faith.* Let not this however be a pretext to you, not to do good to thoſe who are not of the ſame communion with yourſelf. All men are your brethren in the Lord, and this relation alone ought to engage you to ſupply them in their neceſſity, comfort them in their afflictions, and ſolace them in their misfortunes; and above all, as much as poſſible, to proportion the readineſs and importance of your aſſiſtance, to the extremity and greatneſs of their neceſſities. This will be the true way to bring down the favour of heaven upon your ſoul, perſon and affairs, *He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given, will he pay him again; but he that hideth his eyes ſhall have many a curſe,* ſays *Solomon.* By this you may ſee, my ſon, what are the ordinary fruits of charity. Take care however, that intereſt be

be not the motive to lead you to it. This virtue would loſe its quality by ſuch a view, and you would in vain expect the effects of it, if you pretend to make a kind of commerce of it with God. It is in charity that all the chriſtian virtues terminate, and are ſummed up; and it is likewiſe with what I have ſaid of that divine quality, that I ſhall conclude this chapter, which contains the inſtructions I propoſed to give you with reſpect to your perſonal duties, after which it only remains, that I ſpeak a few words with regard to civil duties.

Of Civil Duties.

HItherto, my ſon, I have been repreſenting to you what you owe to God, and to yourſelf for his ſake, ſince *it is in him we live, and move, and have our being*; and that all our thoughts, words and actions ought to tend towards God as their center. It is now time that I lay before you the duty you owe to men, with whom you are bound in civil ſociety; for, in a word, you are not born for yourſelf alone, but alſo to aſſiſt your neighbour. Caves and foreſts are the abodes of wild beaſts, and cities are the reſidence of men, who compoſe communities, and are linked together, by their mutual intereſt, in a commendable commerce. The love of ſolitude is not natural to man, and is even contrary to the deſign of his Creator, who placed him in the world for ſociety. Reaſon was given him for no other end but to make uſe of it. He has virtues, and ought to put them in practice, which cannot be done but with thoſe of his own kind, and in the commerce of life. It is in this commerce that you ought to act with the prudence of the ſerpent, and ſimplicity of the dove. You muſt be juſt and ſincere, and have always in your eye that beautiful and firſt law of nature which I have already quoted to you, *never to do to others what you would not have*

have others to do to you. This law, my ſon, is not only dictated by nature, and univerſally received by all nations (even the moſt barbarous and ignorant) but God himſelf has made it a part of his law, by commanding us *to love our neighbours as ourſelves.* There is ſo near a relation betwixt our duty to God, ourſelves, and our neighbour, that in treating of the two firſt, I have reſerved but little to ſay upon this laſt. I ſhall however, make ſome remarks upon this ſubject, which will neither be uſeleſs nor diſadvantageous to you, if you put them in practice.

Benevolence. Obſerve, my ſon, God not only commands you to love your neighbour, but to love him as yourſelf; that is, with all the ſincerity, heartineſs and ardour you are capable of. This obligation (you ſee) is of great extent, but God's bounty towards us goes yet much further. He reſigns part of his right in our favour, and after having demanded our ſincere affection to himſelf, yielding part of his intereſt, he paſſes from part of our engagement, and is willing that we ſhould give to one another a part of what he had exacted from us. He ceaſes to be jealous, though he ſo often takes that title, and through an exceſs of love to us, far from being offended at dividing our affection, he commands it, and is pleaſed to have rivals upon that occaſion. This bounty which is infinite, as well as the Being from whom it proceeds, has but little effect upon men: for of the three kinds of affection, which the law of God preſcribes to us, they employ the moſt of their time in that which regards themſelves, and entertaining no love either to God, or their brethren, through exceſs of that which they bear to themſelves, they neglect the other two; which renders them in this world imitators of the vices of devils, and conſequently cannot but make them ſharers of their puniſhment in that which is to come. Avoid, my ſon, ſo dangerous a reſemblance; which will not be

be difficult, if you only love others as much as you would have them to love you. This duty is relative, and you ought to practiſe it, as well for the advantages as for the pleaſures of life. He who commanded us to love, commanded us alſo to ſerve, eſteem, honour, and in a word to have all the obliging condeſcentions that the heart can inſpire for thoſe who are dear to us, according to the goſpel maxims. My ſon, all men in the world ought to be dear to you; and he whoſe houſe is contiguous to yours, is no more your neighbour, than he who lives at the greateſt diſtance. Be kind then to all, never let an opportunity eſcape of ſerving any. To what favours you do, add an obliging manner of doing them, which heightens their merit: and let a perſon who aſks any thing be never ſo much unknown to you, do not add to the diſpleaſures he may have from your refuſal, by any rudeneſs of expreſſion; on the contrary, endeavour to leſſen his diſpleaſure, by expreſſing yours, as not being able to ſatisfy him. This conduct will not procure you eſteem, but an univerſal affection, eſpecially if to it you join ſome others, with which you can never diſpenſe, if you deſign to perform your duty to your neighbour, which is what I am now treating of.

How to behave towards the great.

Great men are to us what lighted candles are to butterflies; we cannot play too near them, without running the riſk of burning ourſelves. There is nothing more engaging than their pomp and magnificent retinue; nothing more deceiving than the pageantry and ſplendor that ſurround them: Take care, my ſon, not be dazzled with them; and whether their grandeur proceed from their birth or fortune, let nothing regulate your ſentiments with reſpect to the veneration you think due to them, but their virtue and perſonal merit. Among the many reaſons that lead me

to give you this advice, the following are ſome of the moſt important.

Firſt be well aſſured of this, that though amongſt the great, there are ſome whoſe inclinations and conduct are perfectly ſuitable to their ſtations; yet there is a much greater number who are a ſcandal to it. Remember that the greateſt part of them have this in common with the trees of the foreſt, that they ſometimes afford a ſhade, but very rarely fruit, unleſs it be like thoſe about the LAKE ASPHALTITES*, which preſents to paſſengers very beautiful apples, but when they are opened, have nothing in them but duſt and rottenneſs. Almoſt all the great are the ſame to us, they allure us by their magnificent promiſes and exceſs of civility, by which we frequently ſuffer ourſelves to be ſurpriſed, and cannot be undeceived but by dear-bought experience, when we find in our greateſt neceſſity how little reaſon we had to rely upon their aſſiſtance.

On the other hand (and this is what you ought particularly to conſider) though you ſhould be ſo happy as to get into the favour of ſome great man, which (by the way) is not eaſy, unleſs his own intereſt ingage him to it, you ſhall ſoon diſcover that his friendſhip has not only the falſe ſhining, but alſo the brittleneſs of the glaſs. Commonly the ſlighteſt fault makes him forget the moſt conſiderable ſervices: wherefore, if you take my advice, you will never go near them, but when the neceſſity of performing an indiſpenſible duty obliges you to it.

Carriage. Reſpect your ſuperiors, pay regard to your equals, and be civil to your inferiors.

Evil ſpeaking. Never ſpeak ill of any man, but far leſs in his abſence than in his preſence.

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* *The place where* Sodom *ſtood, now a lake of ſulphur.*

ſence. Nothing is more unworthy a man of honour than evil-ſpeaking: it is ſo far from maintaining peace amongſt mankind, which ought to be the chief end of ſociety, that it keeps a man in continual broils with the whole world. If a man with whom you converſe has any faults that have come to your particular knowledge, inſtead of making them public, endeavour rather to forget them, after you have uſed your utmoſt efforts to cure him of his vices.

Admonition.

One of the chief ſervices we ought to render to our neighbour, is to make him ſenſible of the irregularity of his conduct. He who pretends to be a friend, and does not this, has the heart of an enemy, or at leaſt of an indifferent perſon; but even in this there is a certain method to be obſerved, if you propoſe to ſucceed. Correction is a kind of remedy applied to cure the mind of ſome diſeaſe with which it is affected; and therefore, upon ſuch occaſions, it is neceſſary to uſe the ſame artifice which phyſicians uſe in curing the body, when they qualify the natural bitterneſs of their medicines by a borrowed ſweetneſs. Prudence, and a perfect knowledge of the temper of him to whom you addreſs your advice, muſt direct you in this, unleſs you would have the whole effect of your remonſtrances to be no more than a pretext for him to be diſobliged at the liberty you take, and conſequently to be provoked, rather than to reap advantage from it.

Cenſuring.

You would render yourſelf ridiculous if you happen to be guilty of the ſame vice you reprove in another, and would paſs rather for an imprudent cenſor than a ſincere friend. Guard againſt this, and take care to cure yourſelf, before you attempt to cure others.

Tale bearing.

Avoid the baſeneſs of thoſe who take pleaſure in tale bearing, and never liſten to ſuch tales as are brought to you of

others. If you are the bearer of them, you give your neighbour reaſon to break with you; and if you liſten to them, you ſeek an occaſion to break with him.

Adulation. Never praiſe to exceſs any man you ſpeak of, and eſpecially in his own preſence; for however praiſe worthy he may be, this will make you paſs for a flatterer, even in his opinion, and the profuſeneſs of your praiſes will render them ſuſpected, and make people imagine you employ them rather to diſcover your own wit, than to extol his merit.

Complaiſance. Complaiſance is the life of ſociety: he who has none of it, is troubleſome to the whole world; whereas he that can uſe it with addreſs, may freely flatter himſelf, that he ſhall pleaſe all with whom he converſes. Complaiſance however ought to be governed by reaſon, and a man ought ever to avoid carrying it the length of meanneſs, much more to a crime. Stiffneſs in opinion is not only a great enemy to complaiſance, but alſo to good ſenſe. It is impoſſible that a wilful man can yield any thing to others; and by this means he commonly falls into the misfortune of being uneaſy to all the world, and at laſt becomes unſupportable to himſelf. Endeavour then to be complaiſant with prudence, and firm in your ſentiments with juſtice.

Banter. Never banter any man, unleſs you deſign to expoſe yourſelf to be bantered in your turn, and to become an enemy to the the perſon whom you banter. Not but that a diſcreet raillery may ſometimes ſerve to brighten the converſation, but more frequently the bad uſe that is made of it creates heats which deſtroy the deepeſt rooted friendſhip; and it rarely happens in a continued train of repartees in raillery, but ſome ſhocking words will eſcape even the moſt cautious banterer.

Never

Never delay ſatisfying a man about any affair he has negociated with you, when it is in your power to do it immediately. *Diſpatch in buſineſs.*

Be exact with all men, and in all things you do, but particularly in paying your debts; there is nothing more unworthy of a trading man, than to ſuffer himſelf to be frequently dunned. Order matters always ſo, that the preſence of your creditor be never uneaſy to you, and be rather in a condition of preſſing him to receive his payment, than that he ſhould be reduced to the neceſſity of demanding it. Do not exact, however, with the ſame rigour what is due to you. This ſevere exactneſs which can make no manner of allowance, is not only contrary to the religion of Jeſus Chriſt, but alſo to that regard we ought to have for one another. *Exactneſs in accompts.*

Settle accompts frequently with your correſpondents, if you deſign to preſerve their friendſhip, and avoid a great number of difficulties, which are the foundation of the greateſt part of the diſputes and law-ſuits that happen amongſt men.

Take particular care never to make any man's bodily deformity the ſubject of your mirth; on the contrary, let it put you in mind to thank God, that he has been more favourable to you, in that reſpect, than to him. It is purely owing to his bounty that you have thoſe advantages, both of body and mind, which you poſſeſs; and if you have received them freely, why would you boaſt of them as if you had not received them? *for unto whomſoever much is given, of him ſhall be much required.* The prerogative you have over that man who appears to you deformed, engages you to a more perfect acknowledgment of the goodneſs of God, and to a greater concern for the perſon. Do not neglect either the one or the other of theſe duties. *Not to ridicule the deformed.*

Behaviour to ſervants.

I am now, my ſon, to preſentto you a new kind of neighbour; that is, your own domeſtic. Do not imagine that his character frees you from all kind of duty to him. He owes you his ſervice by engagement, but for a ſuperior reaſon, beſides his promiſed wages, you owe to him other things, which you cannot refuſe him without injuſtice. I do not mean his diet, but chiefly that mildneſs of temper you owe to him, which allaying the diſſatisfaction his low fortune may create in his mind, ought to engage him to ſerve you with pleaſure. If you deſire this, my ſon, reſtrict the privileges of maſter within thoſe bounds preſcribed by Chriſtianity, that is, conſider him as your brother in the Lord; treat him as ſuch, and never doubt but this conduct will rouſe his inſenſibility, let it be ever ſo great. Abſtain, as St *Paul* ſays, from threatenings, and far more from blows; and even though he ſhould give you juſt cauſe, do not liſten to the reaſons which condemn him, but rather give him occaſion to praiſe your moderation, than to complain of your ſeverity. *Seneca* ſays, that to oblige our ſervants to devote themſelves entirely to us, we ought to live with them familiarly and kindly. Try this counſel, and if by theſe means yours do not become more exact in acquitting themſelves of their duty to you, after you have fully acquitted yourſelf of what you owe to them, put them away quietly.

I do not know, my ſon, but I may poſſibly have forgot ſome conſiderable article of your duty to your neighbour; but tho' it ſhould be ſo, I comfort myſelf with this, that if you fulfil all I have deſired, your neighbour (in my opinion) will at leaſt have no great reaſon to complain of you. You would however have ſome reaſon to complain of me, if, before I conclude theſe inſtructions, which I prepared for the conduct of your life, I did not put you in mind, that nothing can more facilitate the practice

tice of them, than a ſerious and frequent meditation upon *death*. I acknowledge, my ſon, that of all terrible things it is the moſt terrible; and that it is more proper to hurry us into deſpair, than to inſpire us with the love of virtue and piety, when we look upon it only with the bodily eyes, becauſe to them it appears attended by all that diſmal retinue, with which the firſt man's tranſgreſſion furniſhed it, to deſtroy all his poſterity. And the Holy Spirit in this point agrees ſo well with philoſophy, that he calls it the *king of terrors*. But it is far from appearing dreadful to thoſe who behold it with the eyes of faith. This divine virtue, which is the true characteriſtic of faithful chriſtians, diſcovers it to them vanquiſhed and diſarmed by the ſecond *Adam*, and ſent by him as an agreeable meſſenger, to open the priſon in which they are ſhut up upon earth, and introduce them into the glorious liberty of the children of God. It is true, that in this ſtate of imperfection in which we are, it is difficult, let our faith be ever ſo firm, to reſiſt the firſt motions of fear, which the thought of death may convey even to the moſt regenerated: but as ſoon as you have ſo far got the better of your weakneſs, as to make a habit of this meditation, beſides its furniſhing you with matter of joy and conſolation, it will convert that habit into a ſecond nature; and inſtead of theſe vicious and corrupt inclinations, which were attached to your carnal birth, it will inſpire your ſoul with pure and virtuous deſires, which will be the marks, as well as the effects of your ſpiritual regeneration. Take care, my ſon, not to delay this meditation to another time, upon pretext of your youth. A glaſs immediately from the hand of the workman, is as brittle as one that has been made many years. A veſſel quite new may be ſhipwrecked, as well as an old one; and what do you know, but the very moment you ſhall employ to put off the meditating upon *Meditation upon death.*

upon death, may be that which God has fixed for the end of your days? Ever ſince ſin put the clock of our life in diſorder, the voice of providence may appoint us every hour to appear in judgment. Seeing then it is a matter of ſo great importance, and that it is ſo certain, however uncertain the time of it may be, be upon your guard. *Let your loins be* (always) *girded about, and your lights burning. Watch and pray, for you know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.* Repent one day before you die, according to the precept of the Rabbies, and as there is not one day of your life, but may be that of your death, never let one paſs without repenting. Live then, my ſon, as you would wiſh you had lived, when you are at the point of death, that is, ſoberly, righteouſly, and godly. This will not only have reſpect to the three benedictions I wiſhed you in the beginning of this work, upon your ſoul, perſon, and affairs; but it will alſo be a certain proof, that you have acquitted yourſelf of the three duties I have preſcribed to you; ſeeing you cannot live *godly*, without rendering to God what is due to him; nor *righteouſly*, without rendering what you owe to your neighbour; nor *ſoberly*, without performing your duty to yourſelf. May the Father of mercy, of his infinite goodneſs, grant you the diſpoſition neceſſary for performing them all, as a good chriſtian, a reaſonable citizen, and an honeſt man, for his glory, your own ſalvation, and the edification of your neighbour.

If I had loved you leſs, my ſon, I would have contented myſelf with inſtructing you by word of mouth, in what I judged neceſſary for the regulation of your conduct; and, in ſo doing, I would have acquitted myſelf of my paternal duty; but I would not thus have ſatisfied that tender affection I have for you, which has prompted me to prepare theſe inſtructions in writing. At firſt I thought they would have been much ſhorter, but the diver-

ſity

ſity and abundance of ſubjects I was obliged to treat of has made me launch out further than I expected. Take it as a ſenſible mark of my affection; and if, in any part of my diſcourſe, I have gone beyond the common underſtanding of people of my profeſſion, attribute it only to the effect of my natural tenderneſs for you, like that which all of a ſudden looſed the tongue of the king of *Lydia*'s ſon, who being born dumb, never began to ſpeak till he called out to a ſoldier, who had his hand lifted up to dart his poinard into the boſom of his father, which ſtopped him, and prevented the blow. I ſee you leaving me, my ſon, and being afraid of dangerous enemies to you, enemies that may kill your ſoul, your luſts and paſſions, and even the devil himſelf, who goes about continually ſeeking to devour you; fearing, I ſay, ſuch terrible and ſo near enemies, I have certainly outdone myſelf, to endeavour to avert the blow they threaten you with, and ſave you from their mortal wounds. The exceſs of my tender affection makes your father this day do for you, what formerly the ſame exceſs of love made the ſon of *Cræſus* do for his father. And may God grant, that anſwering to that affection by your eſteem, and the good uſe you make of my inſtructions, I may have the joy of giving you life a ſecond time, in ſaving you from the enemies of your ſoul, by my voice which calls, and will ſtop them, if you put in practice what it ſays to you. Upon this, my ſon, depends your tranquility in this world, and your happineſs in that which is to come. Upon this depends the ſatisfaction of your father, who loves you ſingularly, and believes you have the ſame affection for him. May theſe great motives induce you to read frequently theſe inſtructions, which I have drawn from the fountain-head, that is, the word of God, which alone is ſufficient to teach us all we ought to believe and do. In order to give you a better reliſh for them, and render them

them more familiar, and eaſier to your memory, I have extracted the ſubſtance of them, by reducing this long diſcourſe into few words, to make it have the deeper impreſſion upon your mind. You will find it in theſe hundred maxims which follow, and which I exhort you to read as many times, to comprehend their importance, and put them in practice; and be perſuaded, that you can expect nothing ſo precious from me as theſe inſtructions are. God preſerve you, my ſon, God proſper you in your voyage, and bring you back with all manner of happineſs; and may the ſame angel of God, that accompanied the Patriarch *Jacob*, guide your ſteps, and take care of you, that *you daſh not your foot againſt a ſtone*. And above all, may the fear of God be the ſtar to conduct you in all your goings; may it be the center of all your actions, and the ſole object of your meditation; and then you will give me reaſon to redouble my love and tenderneſs for you, and I ſhall have the comfort to be able to ſay, every time I offer you to God in my prayers, *Lo, here I am, O Lord, and the child whom thou haſt given me.*

CHRISTIAN AND MORAL

MAXIMS.

I.

BE devout without affectation. The appearance of devotion, without ſincerity, is hypocriſy, which being a daring of God, is a kind of ſacrilege.

II.

He who attempts to diſguiſe himſelf before God, ſpends his labour in deceiving himſelf.

III.

To pray without attention, is to pray without hope.

IV.

He who prefers bodily pleaſures to the ſalvation of his ſoul, ſuffers the man to drown, while he is ſeeking his cloak.

V.

If you are not more careful to adorn your mind with good qualities, than your body with fine clothes, you offer incenſe to an idol, and forſake a God.

VI.

He who takes pleaſure in his ſin, hugs his own executioner.

VII.

An habitual ſin is a ſerpent, which a man nouriſhes in his boſom, to pierce it through at laſt.

VIII.

He who walks ſlowly in the practice of good works, runs ſwiftly in the paths of deſtruction.

IX.

If you would have God to hear your petitions, you muſt hear thoſe of the poor.

X.

He who is in pain upon the thought of death, will be in deſpair at the hour of it.

XI.

The beſt ſchool for a good life, is the frequent meditation upon a happy death.

XII. The

XII.

The ſerious thoughts of eternity prompt a man to make good uſe of his time, and in a great meaſure remove the ſting of death.

XIII.

No man is convinced of the importance of his ſalvation, who indulges himſelf in the practice of any known ſin, without repentance.

XIV.

He who lives without devotion, cannot die without deſpair.

XV.

If you do not liſten to the voice of God in your proſperity, be afraid he will not liſten to your's in time of adverſity.

XVI.

He who does not fear God during his life, ought to fear his judgments after death.

XVII.

Be kind to all, familiar with few, and only intimate with one.

XVIII.

He who delights in wicked company, will be in pain in the preſence of good men.

XIX.

He who confides in an unknown perſon, runs the riſk of having reaſon to repent.

XX.

He who begins an affair without judgment, ought not to be ſurpriſed if it ends without ſucceſs.

XXI.

What you attempt ſuperior to your power, muſt produce effects inferior to your expectation.

XXII.

He who is diſcouraged from a glorious enterprize, merely by knowing the difficulties of it, is both ignorant and unworthy of the reward of glory.

XXIII.

If precipitation in the deſign, and ſlowneſs in the execu-

execution, be attended with ſucceſs, it is merely by chance.

XXIV.

If your labour be a trouble, your duty will be a puniſhment.

XXV.

He who, in a low fortune, forms too great deſigns, attempts to ſoar to the ſun with wings of wax.

XXVI.

He who falls by having exalted himſelf too much, has nothing to blame but his own extravance.

XXVII.

Thoſe who are too forward in trifles, diſcover their incapacity to act in great affairs.

XXVIII.

If juſtice directs you in the purſuit of gain, tranquility ſhall attend you in the enjoyment of it.

XXIX.

If you look with envy upon your neighbour's goods, you render yourſelf unworthy to poſſeſs your own.

XXX.

Life is given to man for action, and thoſe who give way to habitual idleneſs, ſhew that it is of no uſe to them, but like a grain of ſalt, to preſerve their bodies from corruption.

XXXI.

Pride is a ſwelling of the mind, which no leſs corrupts the good qualities of a proud man, than a ſwelling in the ſtomach impairs the good conſtitution of the body.

XXXII.

Though anger be but a ſhort madneſs, yet the effects of it are laſting follies.

XXXIII.

Shun ſumptuous meals, if you be afraid of long ſickneſs.

XXXIV.

He who ruins his health by the exceſs of his

riots, is in the wrong to complain of the exceſs of his diſeaſes.

XXXV.

A ſkilful cook is more to be feared in time of health, than an ignorant phyſician in time of ſickneſs.

XXXVI.

Innocent ſobriety, and moderate exerciſe, are the beſt cooks in the world.

XXXVII.

The fumes of wine diſturb the brain, thoſe of vanity the mind, and thoſe of love both.

XXXVIII.

He who fills his heart with the love of women, transforms that which was deſigned for a ſanctuary of the Holy Ghoſt, into a temple of idols, the worſhip of which leads him to damnation.

XXXIX.

The love of God employs its candle only to enlighten us; but that of the world kindles its taper to take away our ſight.

XL.

The love of the world can never be too much reſtrained, but if the love of God has any bounds, it is imperfect.

XLI.

Love is repreſented naked, not only to deſcribe its impudence, but alſo to teach us, that commonly it ſtrips its votaries to the ſkin.

XLII.

The miſer abſtains from things neceſſary, to furniſh ſuperfluities to others, who will not think themſelves obliged to him for the favour.

XLIII.

Thoſe who conſult only ſelf-love in their actions, truſt to a blind guide, and make more falſe than juſt ſteps.

XLIV.

He who ſpends too much upon his pleaſures, commonly

commonly leaves himſelf too ſcanty an allowance for his neceſſities.

XLV.

If you ſubmit your judgment to your pleaſures, you will burn yourſelf with the light which was given you for a guide.

XLVI.

He who does not conſult reaſon in his pleaſures, ought not to expect its aſſiſtance in his pain.

XLVII.

Thoſe who allow themſelves to be governed by their paſſions, give up their liberty to the humour of their ſlaves.

XLVIII.

Too great a paſſion for ſuperfluity, frequently occaſions a ſcarcity of things needful.

XLIX.

He who fills his heart with his paſſions, leaves no room in it for piety, and transforms the Chriſtian into a worſhipper of idols.

L.

Seeing the paſſions are the diſeaſes of the mind, temperance only ought to be its phyſician.

LI.

He who has an exceſſive thirſt after gaming, ſeeks to die in poverty.

LII.

Gain at game is a bait which fortune makes uſe of to lead us to deſtruction.

LIII.

Thoſe who play to recover their loſs, add to it the loſs of their reaſon, their time, and moſt commonly that of what money they had reſerved.

LIV.

Exceſs of ſleep and gaming fills the ſtomach with crudity, and the pocket with wind.

LV.

Think more than one moment before you ſpeak, and more than two before you make a promiſe; leſt

you have cauſe to be diſpleaſed with what you ſpoke too haſtily, and to repent what you promiſed too raſhly.

LVI.

Upon many occaſions you may excuſe yourſelf from promiſing without ſcruple; but never from performing what you have once promiſed without ſhame.

LVII.

Never ſpeak upon a ſubject you do not underſtand, and but little upon that which you do; but whether you ſpeak or be ſilent, take care that it be with judgment.

LVIII.

Jeſting ſometimes ſupports converſation, but almoſt always creates diviſion among the jeſters; wherefore thoſe who hate quarrels ought to avoid it, as a ſnare which their wit lays for their repoſe.

LIX.

If you cannot bear eaſily with the weakneſs of others, you render your own inſufferable.

LX.

He who looks upon the misfortunes of others with indifference, ought not to be ſurprized if they behold us without compaſſion.

LXI.

If you would deſerve the civility and courteſy of thoſe with whom ye converſe, give them an example of it, by your behaviour to them.

LXII.

Put the favours you beſtow under your feet, but let thoſe you receive be engraven upon your heart.

LXIII.

He who forgets a kindneſs done him, is unworthy of it.

LXIV.

Never be ſlow to ſerve others, if you deſire that others ſhould be apt to oblige you.

LXV.

LXV.

If you are not generous enough to prevent your friend with good offices, never be ſo baſe as to receive them without ſuitable returns.

LXVI.

A ſincere intention, though ineffectual, is a better return of a favour than a conſtrained acknowledgment.

LXVII.

He who blabs out a favour he has done, diminiſhes its merit, becauſe he diſcovers by his indiſcretion, that he divided himſelf betwixt his vanity and his friend.

LXVIII.

He who gives only that he may receive, converts generoſity (which is one of the moſt commendable qualities of an honeſt man) into the moſt ſordid commerce of the world.

LXIX.

If you take pleaſure in lying, truth will (at laſt) become a pain to you.

LXX.

He who excuſes his fault by a lie, doubly condemns himſelf.

LXXI.

If lying be habitual to yourſelf, it is no wonder you diſtruſt what others ſay to you.

LXXII.

He who endeavours to get poſſeſſion of his neighbour's goods by cunning and lies, imitates the example of the devil, who employed both to rob the firſt man of his innocence.

LXXIII.

The making a bad uſe of the good things of this life, will be one of the juſteſt cauſes of your miſeries in the next.

LXXIV.

He who is not content with a moderate fortune,

frequently takes much trouble to diminiſh it, by following unlawful means to enlarge it.

LXXV.

He who regulates his deſires by the neceſſities of nature, brings them within a narrow compaſs; but he who ſuffers himſelf to be directed by covetouſneſs, can keep them within no bounds.

LXXVI.

Be not inquiſitive after the ſecrets of others, be very wary in communicating your own; you are no more maſter of them when you have revealed them to one, and your example will juſtify his treachery to you, if he ſhould diſcover them to a third perſon.

LXXVII.

He who makes a ſhew of his good qualities, ſtrips them of their merit by his oſtentation; and he who conceals them, gives them an additional value by his modeſty.

LXXVIII.

High places turn the heads of men of weak brains, and extraordinary fortunes diſturb the minds of thoſe of weak judgments.

LXXIX.

A man ſtands much in need of conſtancy to ſupport him in time of adverſity, that he may not neglect his duty to himſelf; and no leſs of moderation in the time of proſperity, to enable him to perform his duty to others.

LXXX.

Proſperity makes us diſcover to others what we are ourſelves: and adverſity diſcovers to us who are our real friends.

LXXXI.

Thoſe who hang about us only for our fortune, are like ravenous birds, which fly only for the prey.

LXXXII.

He who forgets his friends in his proſperity, deſerves to meet with none in time of his misfortunes.

LXXXIII.

LXXXIII.

He who depends too much upon the friendſhip of great men, will find ſooner or later that he truſted to a bruized reed.

LXXXIV.

God, of his extreme bounty, rewards our ſmalleſt performances to him with extraordinary favours; but moſt of the great, who are the Gods of the earth, think they have over-paid our greateſt ſervices by a few words from their mouth.

LXXXV.

He who takes much care to preſerve the friendſhip of the great, finds frequently in time of need, that he has been at much pains to cultivate an ungrateful ſoil.

LXXXVI.

A man who has much knowledge and does not communicate it, is like a good ſword which is never drawn.

LXXXVII.

He who recommends virtue to others, has ſo much the greater reaſon to practiſe it himſelf.

LXXXVIII.

He who praiſes only to pleaſe, makes his judgment the bubble of his complaiſance.

LXXXIX.

Our forwardneſs in giving advice to others, is oftener a ſign of our preſumption, than a proof of our friendſhip.

XC.

He who barely weeps at our misfortunes, when it is in his power to heal them, is not touched with them to the heart, and only gives us the tears of a crocodile.

XCI.

In our greateſt troubles, our firſt tears are juſt, the ſecond decent, but after that they are neither reaſonable nor becoming.

XCII.

XCII.

He who weeps, purely becauſe he thinks it is his duty, has tender eyes, but not a ſenſible heart.

XCIII.

He who employs his authority either to perform or ſupport baſe actions, cuts his throat with his own ſword.

XCIV.

Diſtruſt flatterers and men of much talk; for the aim of the one, as well as the other, is to draw the money out of your pocket by the wind of their mouth.

XCV.

Phyſicians frequently poiſon our bodies by their medicines, but flatterers always our mind, by their inſinuating ſpeeches.

XCVI.

He who makes uſe of an elaborate diſcourſe to perſuade us to a bad action, employs a perfumed blade to pierce our heart.

XCVII.

The infection of the plague is not ſo much to be feared for the body, as the poiſon of wicked company for the mind.

XCVIII.

If you would die like a righteous man, live as a reprobate would wiſh to have done at the hour of death.

XCIX.

He who is ſo exceedingly complaiſant as to become ſurety for his friend to bring him out of a ſcrape, commonly draws himſelf into a worſe, which ſooner or later will diſcover to him his own want of judgment.

C.

He who reads for inſtruction, and reads good things without drawing advantage from them, has the taſte of his mind as much vitiated, as that of

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a ſick man's body is, who being ſet at a well furniſhed table has no appetite.

I begun theſe inſtructions with one of *Solomon*'s proverbs, and I conclude them with another; I beg you will diligently obſerve both.

My ſon, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments: For length of days, and long life, and peace ſhall they add to thee. So ſhalt thou find favour and good underſtanding in the ſight of God and man. Prov. iii. 1, 2, 4.

A COLLECTION of

Moral Inſtructions,

In Prose and Verse.

SENTENCES.

ALL acts of piety and virtue are not only delightful for the preſent, but they leave peace and contentment behind them; a peace that no outward violence can interrupt, or take from us.

Anger is a fit of madneſs; and he that is paſſionate and furious, deprives himſelf of his reaſon, ſpoils his underſtanding, and helps to make himſelf a fool.

A man ſhould conſider, that an injury is not to be meaſured by the notion of him that gives, but of him that receives it.

As he that can revenge an injury and will not, diſcovers a virtuous and magnanimous diſpoſition of ſoul;

ſoul; ſo he that can return a kindneſs and dares not, ſhews a mean and contemptible ſpirit, and proves himſelf a deſpicable lump of ingratitude.

Beware of a man that has no regard to his own reputation, ſince it is not likely he ſhould have any for yours. He that is told of a fault, and ſays, he does not care, merits contempt.

Be very cautious of believing ill of your neighbour, but more cautious in reporting it.

Compare your miſeries on earth, with your joys in heaven, and the length of the one with the eternity of the other; ſo ſhall your journey ſeem ſhort, and your trouble little.

Chidings or rebukes ſhould be generally mild and gentle, but yet nevertheleſs ſuch as may carry ſome weight and authority along with them, ever obſerving a mean betwixt too great eaſineſs, and breaking out into angry and contumelious language.

Do for your enemy as much as you can, and what is not in your power, pray to God to do for him.

Do not ſpeak reproachfully of any man; for ſuch injuries are ſeldom forgotten, and may prove a hindrance to thy preferment.

Every one would be thought to be in love with heaven, and yet few are willing to leave the earth, ſo much at variance is mankind with itſelf.

Envy is an ill natured vice; it is made up of meanneſs and malice. It wiſhes the force of goodneſs reſtrained, and the meaſure of happineſs abated: It laments at the ſight of proſperity, and ſickens at the ſight of health.

Few take care to live well, but many to live long: though it is in a man's power to do the former, but in no man's power to do the latter.

Give your heart to your Creator, reverence to your ſuperiors, honour to your parents, your boſom to your friend, diligence to your calling, ear to good counſel, and alms to the poor.

God

God encourages us to be good by glorious promiſes, and deters us from ills by ſevere threatnings; if neither of theſe will do, we are loſt.

He that takes an ungrateful man in his boſom, is well nigh ſure to be betrayed: And it is no longger charity but folly, to think of obliging the common enemies of mankind.

It is the greateſt folly in the world for a man to offend his conſcience, to pleaſe his humour; and only for his jeſt, to loſe two of the beſt friends he has in the world, God and his own ſoul.

It is the part of a wiſe man to look to the end of things, not only to conſider the preſent pleaſure and advantage of any thing, but alſo the ill conſequences of it for the future, and to balance them one againſt the other.

Ingratitude is abhorred both by God and man, and there is a certain vengeance attends thoſe that repay evil for good, and ſeek the ruin of their friend.

Judge not, that you be not judged, is a very plain precept, and attended with a threat, which ſhould make us tremble at the thoughts of doing an injuſtice to another's reputation; for if to think ill of them be forbidden, what muſt it be to ſpeak ill? If to ſuſpect be criminal, what is it to accuſe?

Keep your own ſecrets; for if you diſcover them to another, and he reveals them, you ſhould pardon him for it, ſince he is only treacherous by your example.

Keep no company with a man who is given to detraction; to hear him patiently, and ſhew a countenance of encouragement, is to partake of his guilt, and prompt him to a continuance in that vice which all good men ſhun him for.

Let him be virtuous whom you would make your friend: for an ill man can neither live long nor be long beloved: and the friendſhip of vicious men may rather be called conſpiracies than friendſhip.

Labour

Labour not only to know what you ought, but to practiſe what you know, and be careful to make others better by your good counſel, or at leaſt not to make them worſe by your example.

Make choice of ſuch company which you can improve, or which can improve you; and if your companion cannot make you, and you cannot make him better, rather leave him bad, than grow worſe by him.

Men who neglect God, neglect their own ſafety, and are active to procure their own ruin; they fly from their own happineſs, and purſue their own miſery, and make haſte to be undone.

No true friendſhip can be, unleſs among good men; vicious men may divert, and crafty men barter good turns for their intereſt, but only wiſe and juſt men can give a laſting entertainment.

Other evils may be forced upon us, whether we will or no; but no man is wicked and vicious, but by his own choice.

Obligations and benefits are caſt away upon two ſorts of people; thoſe that do not underſtand them, and thoſe that are not ſenſible of them.

Of all aſſociations there is none ſo firm and noble, as when virtuous men are linked together by a correſpondence of manners, and freedom of converſation.

Prefer ſolid ſenſe to wit; never ſtudy to be diverting without being uſeful; commend nothing ſo much as ſtrict virtue; let no jeſt intrude upon good manners, nor ſay any that may offend a chaſte ear.

Quintilian, an accurate judge of men, was pleaſed with boys who wept when their ſchool-fellows out-did them; for the ſenſe of diſgrace would make them emulous, and emulation would make them ſcholars.

Religion is the moſt chearful thing in the world, and forbids us nothing but what corrupts the purity

rity of our minds, and breaks the force and vigour of them.

Religion gives part of its reward in hand, preſent comfort and ſatisfaction of having done our duty; and for the reſt, it offers the beſt ſecurity that heaven can give.

Religion doth not conſiſt in idle talk, but in real effects, in a ſincere love of God, and of our neighbour; in a pious devotion towards the Divine Majeſty, and in the virtuous actions of a good life.

Saving knowledge is the perfection of knowledge, and to be wiſe to ſalvation, is conſummate wiſdom.

Some people are loſt for want of good advice; others for want of giving good heed to it; and ſome again take up reſolutions before-hand never to mend.

There is no ſecurity in wicked company, where the good are often made bad, and the bad always worſe. If your buſineſs leads you into ſuch company, take care you do not dwell there.

To be happy, is not only to enjoy the pleaſures of ſenſe, but peace and tranquility of mind.

Two things make any courſe of life eaſy; preſent pleaſure, and the aſſurance of a future reward.

The pleaſures of a holy life have this particular advantage of all worldly joys, that we ſhall never be weary of them; we cannot be cloyed with the frequent repetition of them, nor by the long enjoyment of them.

The moſt ſenſual man that ever was in the world, never felt his heart touched with ſo delicious and laſting a pleaſure, as that is, which ſprings from a clear conſcience, and a mind fully ſatisfied with its own actions.

Uſe your proſperity with ſo much caution and prudence, as may not ſuffer you to forget yourſelf, or deſpiſe your inferior; and conſider, while you enjoy much, how little you deſerve.

Value no man for his opinion, but eſteem him according as his life correſponds with the rules of

piety and juſtice: a man's actions, not his conceptions, render him valuable.

We are in nothing more unhappy, than in not being ſenſible of our own unhappineſs.

We may as well expect, that God ſhould make us rich without induſtry, as make us good without our endeavours.

What clearneſs is to our eye, ſo the purity of our mind is to our reaſon and underſtanding.

Xenophon commends the *Perſians* for the prudent education of their children, who would not admit them to effeminate their minds with amorous ſtories, being ſufficiently convinced of the danger of adding weight to the bias of corrupt nature.

Zenocrates, holding his peace at ſome detracting diſcourſe, they aſked him, why he did not ſpeak? becauſe, ſaith he, I have ſometimes repented of ſpeaking, but never of holding my peace.

You may as well feed a man without a mouth, as give advice where there is no diſpoſition to receive it.

You would weep, if you knew that you were to live but one month; and yet you laugh now, when you do not know whether you ſhall live an hour.

Zeno uſed to ſay, a man muſt live, not only to eat and drink, but to uſe this life for the obtaining a better.

The ſame philoſopher, hearing a young man ſpeak too freely, ſaid, For this reaſon we have two ears and but one tongue, becauſe we ſhould hear much, and ſpeak little.

Hear much, and little ſpeak; a wiſe man fears,
And will not uſe his tongue ſo much as ears.
We never yet did read of any
Undone by hearing; but by ſpeaking, many.

The SENTIMENTS *of Princes, and Men eminent for their Character, concerning* Religion *and a* Future State.

SENNACHERIB going forth with his army againſt *Egypt*, it came to paſs one night, that a plague of

of mice came upon him, and diſarmed his whole army, by gnawing in pieces their harneſſes of leather; in memory whereof the ſtatue of this prince was erected in ſtone, holding a mouſe in his hand, with this inſcription. *Whoſoever beholdeth me, let them learn to be religious.*

Cyrus, the emperor of *Perſia*, after he had long been attended by numerous armies, and vaſt trains of courtiers, ordered this inſcription to be engraven on his tomb, as an admonition to all men of the approach of death, and the deſolation that follows it, *viz.* "O man! whatſoever thou art, and whence-"ſoever thou comeſt, I know that thou wilt come "to the ſame condition that I am now in. I am "*Cyrus*, who brought the empire to the *Perſians*; "do not envy me, I beſeech thee, this little piece "of ground which covereth my body."

King *Philip* of *Macedon*, a great and wiſe prince, was ſo apprehenſive of the dangerous charms of earthly grandeur and pleaſure, that he appointed one of his pages to call upon him every morning, to mind him of his mortality, and to ſay, *Remember, Sir, you are a man;* as if they only were duly qualified to enjoy earthly greatneſs, who always remembred that they muſt ſoon part with it.

King *Charles* I. of *England*, being told his death was reſolved on, he ſaid, "I have done what I "could to ſave my life, without loſing my ſoul, "and ſinning againſt my conſcience; God's Will "be done."

Prince *Henry*, elder brother to king *Charles* I. dying in his youth, concluded his life with theſe words: "O Chriſt, thou art my Redeemer, and I "know that thou haſt redeemed me, I wholly d' "pend upon thy providence and mercy; from t "very bottom of my heart, I commend my ſoul in-"thy hands."

Count *Gondomar*, a foreigner of great note, often profeſſed, in the declining part of his years,

" That he feared nothing in the world more than " ſin; and that what liberties he had formerly ta- " ken, he had rather be torn in pieces by wild horſes, " than wittingly or willingly commit any ſin."

Hugo Grotius, notwithſtanding his reputation for learning, though he was as great a ſcholar as any age of the world ever produed; yet when he came to die, he wiſhed he could change conditions with *John Urick*, who was a devout, poor, harmleſs man in the neighbourhood, who ſpent ſeveral hours in the day in prayer and religious exerciſes.

Cardinal *Wolſey* was firſt miniſter of ſtate to King *Henry* VIII. and in great favour with him. He was a proud, inſolent, and vicious perſon; and falling under diſgrace, he was ſent for by the king, but dying in his journey betwixt *York* and *London*, he left this teſtimony behind him, to the honour of religion and virtue, *viz.* " Had I ſerved my God " as zealouſly as I have ſerved my prince, he would " not have forſaken me in my old age."

Sir *John Maſon*, who was privy-counſellor to four princes, and admitted to the moſt important tranſactions of ſtate for thirty years together, delivered himſelf thus: " All my experience and enquiry into " things have brought me to theſe ſolid thoughts, " *viz. Serioufneſs is the greateſt wiſdom, temperance* " *the beſt phyſic, and a good conſcience the beſt eſtate.*"

Sir *Thomas More*, who was Lord High Chancellor of *England* in the reign of *Henry* VIII. uſed theſe wiſe ſentences:

" The world is undone by looking at things at a " diſtance.

" To aim at honour here, is to ſet a coat of arms " over a priſon-gate.

" He that is covetous when he is old, is like a " thief that ſteals when he is going to the gallows."

" The greateſt puniſhment in the world, is to " have our wiſhes.

" We

" We go to hell with more pains than we might " go to heaven with.

" Who would not ſend his alms to heaven? who " would not ſend his eſtate whither he is to be ba- " niſhed?"

When his ſons complained how little they gained under him, " I will do juſtice," ſaid he, " for your " ſake, to any man, and will leave you a bleſſing."

It was alſo ſaid of him, that he being once ſent for by the king, when he was at his prayers in public, returned anſwer, " He would attend him when he " had firſt performed his ſervice to the King of " kings."

Salmaſius, a very learned perſon, after all his great ſtudy and labour, went out of the world with this ſorrowful reflection: " Oh! I have loſt a " world of time; of time, the moſt precious thing " in the world, whereof had I but one year longer, " it ſhould be ſpent in *David*'s pſalms, and *Paul*'s " epiſtles. Oh Sirs! (ſaid he to thoſe about him) " mind the world leſs and God more. All the " learning in the world, without true piety and " the fear of God, is nothing worth. *The fear* " *of the Lord, that is wiſdom; and to depart from* " *evil, that is underſtanding*."

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in ſe, quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

SIR,

I Perſuade myſelf, from your regard to chriſtianity, and to every thing deſcriptive of divine goodneſs, that this letter will be favoured with a place in your *Miſcellany*, though the *Poor* appear the heroes of the piece, and the *Rich* are treated with ſome freedom and plaineſs. I would not be thought inſenſible of the reſpect due to men of birth and diſtinction, nor that pride and beggary

are too often ſeen inſeparable companions. I would therefore avoid every thing tending to promote an indecent liberty with the one, and which may raiſe the notions of the other above their proper ſphere and province of action. The good man as well as great one, will have no cauſe to be offended, nor can you fear diſobliging any rich man, who is a friend to religion and virtue, and ready to employ his wealth in their ſupport; for ſuch are in the claſs of thoſe for whom I have the utmoſt regard. The haughty and inſolent, the proud and overbearing, this letter is addreſſed to, whoſe treatment to thoſe below them proves them ignorant of the uſe of inferiority, and ſeems to deny the *poor* the privilege of fellow creatureſhip. How would the nature of man be humanized in this reſpect, and what a juſt value would be ſet upon labour and induſtry, did we oftner form an idea of the *poor*'s ſervices to ſociety, and view them in thoſe offices and employments, without which the greateſt inconveniencies would ariſe! Thoſe ſtations and circumſtances which are overlooked, or beheld with ſcorn and contempt, are in ſhort moſt beneficial to the world, and may be reckoned amongſt the kind diſpenſations of providence. As we may trace its footſteps through every part of created nature; ſo in low life, in the abilities and conſtitutions of the *poor*, are the prints of it to be remarked and admired. We ſeldom indeed look below us for agreeable objects. If we are upon the hill of fortune, the ſight is fixed on the higher hill in the view, though the valley ſhould as much engage our affections, which is ſo conducive to a beauteous proſpect, and thoſe whoſe uſe and fertility is productive of ſo much more real advantages than the barren height. There are wrong eſtimates of perſons and things. The cart loaded with proviſions and neceſſaries muſt not ſtop the progreſs, but give way to the rattling gilt equipage, which often has leſs

buſineſs

buſineſs, though it lays claim to place and precedency. The gay and painted tulip is admired, whilſt the more uſeful and medicinal herb eſcapes notice and obſervation. Thus the idle man of fortune and dreſs is preferred to the more uſeful member of ſociety, to the *poor* man, whoſe daily labour brings daily ſervice to mankind. All regard is paid to ſhew and figure, and real merit is the laſt thing obſerved and admired in man. Grandeur and magnificence are courted, when the *poor* man, whoſe labour clothes and feeds us, is ridiculed and ſet at nought. Nothing more offends the good-natured and humane part of the world, nor may be preſumed more affrontive to the divine orderer of all things (the honour of whoſe creation the *pooreſt* have a right to) than inſult and reproach. The aſſiſtances of the *poor* ſhould be often recollected, and the benefit received from their neceſſity and dependence more frequently conſidered. It is very prettily argued by Sir *Richard Steel*, where an excuſe is offered for an uncommon civility and ceremony to an inferior: "It is not e-"nough barely to pay;—we ought to do ſome-"thing more than barely gratify them for what "they do at our command, only becauſe their "fortune is below us." The eſteem of every thing ſhould be proportioned to its uſefulneſs and ſervice, and if the induſtrious and ingenious *poor* can be proved beneficial to ſociety, I can't ſee why they ſhould not ſhare its reſpect and affection. Society, like a houſe, would be greatly at a loſs if all its furniture was only ornamental. The neceſſaries and comforts of life are handed up to us from the *poor*. I never ſee lace and embroidery upon the back of a beau, but my thoughts deſcend to the poor fingers that have wrought it, and to whoſe ingenuity the *pretty fellow* is owing. There is certainly as much merit in weaving a fine ſilk, as an inability to buy it. A rich man is a ſort of herald,

proclaiming

proclaiming the *poor*'s excellencies. Let us but form an idea of men of fortune left to themſelves, without their ſervice and attendance, and one could hardly think the world productive of ſo much uſeleſſneſs and inſignificancy. Like *Midas*, as a rich man cannot eat, he would ſtarve with his gold, and compoſe the moſt unhappy part of human ſociety. He would ſoon appear in the moſt deplorable ſtate of indigence, and be more dirty and tattered than theſe objects of his ungenerous ridicule. Providence has allowed the notions and views of ſome for the ſake of others, given different talents and diſpoſitions to men, ſuitable to their different ſtations in life. It has innured ſome to labour and hardſhips, and made them ignorant, as it were, of the ſameneſs of their ſpecies, to render them condeſcending and ſubmiſſive to their circumſtances. But a learned author, to remove our odium and contempt of the *poor*, thus obſerves in their favour: "That in the common nature of mankind we all "agree. In the bodies of the *poor* and *rich* there "is the ſame rare compoſure and admirable artifice, "the ſame infinite wiſdom and goodneſs in framing "the one as the other. There is not a joint, a "limb, a bone or a ſinew, nor a vein, nor an arte"ry, muſcle, nerve, nor the leaſt ſtring, or little "inſtrument of vital or animal operation, or mo"tion, but is alike to be found in the *poor* as in the "*rich*." What would avail our large eſtates, and great tracts of land, without their labour? It muſt be tilled and manured before corn can be produced, and that muſt be afterwards threſhed and baked before even a king can have bread to eat. Pride and luxury are the reigning vices of the age, and even here they muſt be obliged to the *poor* for ſupplies and materials. This is a ſervice, I own, I am ſorry to ſee them employed in. I wiſh a rich man's luxuries, like a poor man's bread, were to be earned by the ſweat of his brow. I could wiſh to ſee

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an extravagant profuſe perſon broiling in his kitchen to ſet out his luxurious dainties; then might we hope to ſee ſuch foppiſh delicacy at an end, and that luxuries would be unfaſhionable by ſuch pains to come at them. But, to take one more pleaſing view of the *poor* in their ſtations of labour and induſtry, let us obſerve their chearfulneſs and ſtrength, their capacity and inclination to help us in the moſt offenſive and diſagreeable offices. What a ſink would the town be without them! how unwholſome and unſufferable with all its grandeur and opulence! what nuſances are removed, and how clean and comfortable are we made by their labours! Could the white hand of a lady be laid to a duſt baſket? or would any finical compoſition of powder and perfume give a helping hand to remove the ſoil and filth, which would ſicken and poiſon the town by continuance? In ſhort, the porter's knot is a more uſeful implement than the fineſt ſword knot; and whilſt the latter, by his vices, may be hurtful to ſociety, the former, only for the *privilege to live*, is burdened for its ſervice. All our markets are pleaſing ſcenes of labour and induſtry; and to conclude, there is a real patriotiſm in the honeſt and induſtrious *poor*, which ſhould make them valued and regarded by their brethren and countrymen, which ſhould recommend worn-out labour to our pity and relief, and remove all deriſion and contempt of inferiority. I ſhall only obſerve further in their behalf, that for their ſcanty portion of the good things of life, they are more diligent in their religious duties, than thoſe who enjoy them in larger proportions. Early prayers are attended by thoſe poor ſuppliants, whilſt the bounties of providence can hardly lead the rich at any time to their duty. Their *Sundays* and days of reſt are for the generality obſerved and ſanctified, whilſt the horſes are ſaddled, boots and whip are called for, to equip the careleſs rich for their rural

pleaſures.

pleaſures and expeditions. For ſuch neglects and omiſſions of duty, it may be ſadly apprehended their miſeries will begin where the others will end; and that the *poor*'s honeſty and induſtry, humility and reſignation to the will of providence, will be amply rewarded, when the irreligious and ungrateful ſons of fortune will receive the juſt cenſure and puniſhment of their conduct.

On Words.

WORDS are thoſe channels by which the knowledge of things is conveyed to our underſtandings: and therefore, upon a right apprehenſion of them depends the rectitude of our notions; and, in order to form our judgments right, they muſt be underſtood in their proper meaning, and uſed in their true ſenſe, either in writing or ſpeaking.

In all your words let energy be found,
And learn to riſe in ſenſe and ſink in ſound.
Harſh words, tho' pertinent, uncouth appear:
None pleaſe the fancy, which offend the ear.

Education.

A Human ſoul without education is like marble in the quarry, which ſhews none of its inherent beauties till the ſkill of the poliſher fetches out the colours, and diſcovers the ornamental clouds that run through the body of it. Education draws out to view every latent virtue, which, without ſuch helps, would never be able to make their appearances.

We riſe above one another in the eſteem of the world by different degrees of perfection, proportioned to the want or advantage of a liberal education.

The care of education is a work of the higheſt moment, as all the advantages or miſcarriages of a man's life are in a great meaſure dependent on it.

It

It is the duty therefore of parents, to infuſe into the untainted youth early notices of juſtice and honour, that ſo the poſſible advantages of good parts may not take an evil turn, or be perverted to baſe and unworthy purpoſes.

Children, like tender oſiers, take the bow,
And as they firſt are faſhion'd, always grow:
For what we learn in youth, to that alone,
In age we are by ſecond nature prone.

All youth, ſet right at firſt, with eaſe go on,
And each new taſk is with new pleaſure done;
But if neglected till they grow in years,
And each fond mother her dear darling ſpares,
Error becomes habitual, and you'll find,
'Tis then hard labour to reform the mind.

Youth, like the ſoften'd wax, with eaſe will take,
Thoſe images that firſt impreſſions make:
If thoſe are fair, their lives will all be bright,
If foul, they'll cloud it all with ſhades of night.

Education is the learned alchymiſt that purges away our droſs, and ſublimes our diſpoſitions: that reads us lectures of uſe upon every turning and winding of our actions; informs us in our general and particular duties; teaches us to worſhip heaven, to honour our parents, to reverence our elders, to ſubject ourſelves to the law, to obey our governors, to love our friends, to cheriſh our wives, be affectionate to our children, and not injurious to any.

Advice.

LEARN to contemn all praiſe betimes;
For flatt'ry is the nurſe of crimes.
With early virtue plant thy breaſt,
The ſpecious arts of vice deteſt.

Virtue.

Virtue.

AS virtue in general is of an amiable and lovely nature, there are ſome particular kinds of it which are more ſo than others, and theſe are ſuch as diſpoſe us to do good to mankind. Temperance and abſtinence, faith and devotion, are in themſelves perhaps as laudable as any other virtues; but thoſe which make a man popular and beloved, are juſtice, charity, munificence, and in ſhort, all the good qualities that render us beneficial to each other.

The two great ornaments of virtue, which ſhew her in the moſt advantageous view, and make her altogether lovely, are chearfulneſs and good nature. Theſe generally go together, as a man cannot be agreeable to others, who is not eaſy within himſelf. Theſe are both very requiſite in a virtuous mind, to keep out melancholy from the many ſerious thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural hatred of vice from ſowring into ſeverity and cenſoriouſneſs.

With glitt'ring beams and native glory bright,
Virtue, nor darkneſs dreads, nor covets light;
But from her ſettled orb looks calmly down
On life or death, a priſon or a crown.

Virtue's the chiefeſt beauty of the mind,
The nobleſt ornament of human kind;
Virtue's our ſafeguard, and our guiding ſtar,
That ſtirs up reaſon, when our ſenſes err.

True ſons of virtue mean repulſe diſdain,
Nor does their ſhining honour ever ſtain;
Their glorious minds are ſo ſecurely great,
They neither ſwell, nor ſink, at turns of fate.

Wiſdom and Beauty.

THERE is nothing which gives one ſo pleaſing a proſpect of human nature, as the contemplation

plation of wiſdom and beauty: the latter is peculiar to that ſex which is therefore called *fair*; and when both meet in the ſame perſon, the character is lovely and deſirable.

Wiſdom is glorious, and never fadeth away; yet ſhe is eaſily ſeen of them that love her, and found of ſuch as ſeek her. For ſhe goeth about ſeeking ſuch as are worthy of her, ſheweth herſelf favourably unto them in the way, and meeteth them in every thought.

Religion.

HAIL, gentle piety! unmingled joy!
Whoſe fulneſs ſatisfies, but ne'er can cloy!
Spread thy ſoft wings o'er my devoted breaſt,
And ſettle there an everlaſting gueſt.

Religion prompts us to a future ſtate,
The laſt appeal from fortune and from fate;
Where God's all-righteous way will be declar'd,
The bad meet puniſhment, the good reward.

Knowledge.

IN nature's ſearch we to the cauſe advance:
But knowledge muſt inform our ignorance.
To judge of arts we muſt their objects know,
And from the current to the ſpring we go.

Merit ſhould be for ever plac'd
In knowledge, judgment, wit, and taſte;
For theſe, 'tis own'd without diſpute,
Alone diſtinguiſh man from brute.

Knowledge, by time, advances ſlow and wiſe,
Turns ev'ry where its deep diſcerning eyes;
Sees what befel, and what may yet befal;
Concludes from both, and beſt provides for all.

Induſtry.

FLY ſloth, the canker of good men and parts,
Of health, of wealth, of honour, and of arts.

Such as court fame muſt not their ſenſes pleaſe,
Her chariot lags when drawn by ſloth and eaſe.

Obſerve the ant: for ſhe inſtructs the man,
And preaches labour, gath'ring all ſhe can,
Then brings it to increaſe her heap at home
Againſt the winter, which ſhe knows will come;
And when that comes, ſhe creeps abroad no more,
But lies at home, and feaſts upon her ſtore.

Quickly lay hold on time, while in your pow'r;
Be careful well to huſband ev'ry hour.
Deſpair of nothing which you would attain,
Unweary'd diligence your point will gain.

Idleneſs.

ACTION keeps the ſoul in conſtant health, but idleneſs corrupts, and ruſts the mind; for a man of great abilities may, by negligence and idleneſs, become ſo mean and deſpicable, as to be an incumbrance to ſociety, and a burden to himſelf.

The firſt phyſicians by debauch were made:
Exceſs began and ſloth ſuſtains the trade.
By chace our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food:
Toil ſtrung the nerves, and purify'd the blood.

Honeſty.

AN honeſt mind, ſafely alone
May travel through the burning zone,
Or through the deepeſt Scythian *ſnows,*
Or where the ſam'd Hydaſpes *flows.*

Convince the world that you're devout and true,
Be juſt in all you ſay, and all you do;
Whatever be your birth, you're ſure to be
A peer of the firſt magnitude to me.

Falſhood.

WHatſoever convenience may be thought to be in falſhood and diſſimulation, it is ſoon over: but

but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, becauſe it brings a man under an everlaſting jealouſy and ſuſpicion, ſo that he is not believed when he ſpeaks truth, nor truſted when perhaps he means honeſtly.

An untruth in diſcourſe is a diſagreement between the ſpeech and the mind of the ſpeaker. When one thing is declared and another meant, words are no image of the thoughts: it makes the marks of ſpeech inſignificant, and the meaning of one man unintelligible to another; this is a breach of the article of commerce, and an invaſion upon the rights of ſociety.

Let juſtice o'er thy word and deed preſide;
And falſhood ſhun, as a deceitful guide.

Cuſtom.

ILL cuſtoms by degrees to habits riſe,
Ill habits ſoon become exalted vice.
Ill cuſtoms gather by unſeen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers ſwell to ſeas.
Let the beſt courſe of life your choice invite,
For cuſtom ſoon will turn it to delight.

Do not repine at what you now endure,
Cuſtom will give you eaſe, or time a cure.
For cuſtom of ſome date, my friend, forgoes
Its proper ſhape, and ſecond nature grows.

Swearing.

DON'T bind yourſelf to what you cannot do,
And never ſwear altho' the thing be true;
For 'tis a wicked and a great offence,
To call on God for each impertinence.

Oaths are no ornament to converſation; for inſtead of beautifying it, they make it moſt contemptible and mean.

Of all the nauſeous complicated crimes,
That both infect and ſtigmatize the times,

There's none that can with impious oaths compare,
Where vice and folly have an equal ſhare.

Modeſty.

IMmodeſt words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of ſenſe.

Modeſty is not only an ornament, but alſo a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the ſoul, which makes her ſhrink and withdraw herſelf from every thing that has danger in it. It is ſuch an exquiſite ſenſibility, as warns her to ſhun the firſt appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

In modeſt actions there are certain rules,
Which to tranſgreſs confirms us knaves and fools.

Good Nature.

GOOD ſenſe and good nature are never ſeparated, though the ignorant world have thought otherwiſe. Good nature, by which I mean beneficence and candour, is the product of right reaſon; which, of neceſſity, will give allowance to the failings of others, by conſidering that there is nothing perfect in mankind.

Good nature and good ſenſe muſt ever join,
To err, is human; to forgive, divine.

Envy and Detraction.

THERE is a luſt in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publiſhing his neighbour's ſhame:
On eagles wings immortal ſcandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.

Friendſhip.

AFriend ſhould always like a friend indite,
Speak as he thinks, and as he thinks ſhould write;
Searching for faults, as he would beauties find;
To friendſhip true, but not to juſtice blind. He

He that for int'reſt, friendſhip does pretend,
Forfeits thename and virtue of a friend.

A gen'rous friendſhip no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one reſentment glows.
One ſhould our int'reſts and our paſſions be,
My friend muſt ſlight the man that injures me.

Tell me, ye knowing and diſcerning few,
Where I may find a friend who's firm and true;
Who dares ſtand by me when in deep diſtreſs,
And then his love and friendſhip moſt expreſs;
Who by a ſecret ſympathy can ſhare
My joy, my griefs, my miſery, my care.
He muſt be prudent, faithful, juſt, and wiſe,
Who can to ſuch a pitch of friendſhip riſe.

Avarice.

AVarice is ſo inſatiable, that it is not in the power of liberality to content it: and our deſires are ſo boundleſs, that whatever we get is but in the way to getting more without end.

What walls can bound, or what compelling rein,
Th' ungovern'd luſt of avarice reſtrain?
Wealth he has none who mourns his ſcanty ſtore,
And midſt of plenty ſtarves, and thinks he's poor.

How to get Riches.

THRO' various climes, and to each diſtant pole,
In happy tides let active commerce roll.
As our high veſſels paſs their wat'ry way,
Let all the naval world due homage pay:
Let Britain's *ſhips export an annual fleece,*
Richer than Argos *brought to ancient* Greece:
Returning loaden with the ſhining ſtores,
Which lie profuſe on either India's *ſhores.*

We then ſhall get great riches, and the ſway,
To calm the earth, and vindicate the ſea;

And, by your aid, our potent fleets ſhall go
As far as winds can bear, or waters flow;
New lands to make, new Indies *to explore,*
In worlds unknown to plant Britannia's *pow'r:*
Nation's yet wild by precept to reclaim,
And teach them arms and arts in Britain's *name.*

Human Prudence.

PRECEPT I.

IN things of moment on thyſelf depend,
Nor truſt too far thy ſervant, or thy friend:
With private views thy friend may promiſe fair,
And ſervants very ſeldom prove ſincere.

PRECEPT II.

What can be done with care perform to-day:
Dangers unthought oft will attend delay.
Your diſtant proſpects all precarious are,
And fortune is as fickle as ſhe's fair.

PRECEPT III.

Nor trivial loſs, nor trivial gain deſpiſe;
Molehills, if often heap'd, to mountains riſe.
Weigh every ſmall expence, and nothing waſte;
Farthings long ſav'd amount to pounds at laſt.

Pride.

PRIDE hides a man's faults from himſelf, and magnifies them to others.

Of all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.

Pleaſure and Recreation.

PLeaſure and recreation, of one kind or other, are abſolutely neceſſary to relieve our minds and bodies from too conſtant attention and labour.

Re-

Recreation after buſineſs is allowable; but he that follows his pleaſure inſtead of his buſineſs, ſhall in a little time have no buſineſs to follow.

Labour.

LOVE labour; if you do not want it for food, you may for phyſic. It ſtrengthens the body, invigorates the mind, and prevents the fatal conſequences of idleneſs.

Reputation.

REputation, which is the portion of every man who would live with the knowing and elegant part of mankind, is as ſtable as glory, if it be as well founded; and the common cauſe of human ſociety is thought to be concerned, when we hear a man of good behaviour calumniated.

Buſineſs.

HOW bright does the ſoul grow with uſe and buſineſs! With what proportioned ſweetneſs does that family flouriſh, where but one laborious guide ſteers an ordered and regular courſe.

In my opinion, that man may be truly ſaid to live and enjoy his ſoul, who giving his mind to buſineſs, purſues a reputation by ſome commendable famous action, or honeſt art.

When thou haſt buſineſs of concern to do,
With prudence act, and reſolution too;
Under whoſe conduct you will ſeldom fail,
Wiſdom and courage join'd muſt needs prevail.

The Arts of Thriving.

THE arts to be uſed as means of thriving in the world, are no other than thoſe of an ingenious induſtry, and unreproveable integrity; the two beſt and moſt ſolid baſes of a proſperous condition.

Pro-

Providence is commonly ſo indulgent to the honeſt endeavours of induſtrious perſons, that the more laborious they are in their employments, the more they thrive and are bleſſed in them.

When buſineſs calls us to unfurl the ſails,
And o'er the ſurface ſcud before the gales,
Preſence of mind, and courage in diſtreſs,
Are more than armies to procure ſucceſs:
The Sire of gods and men, by his decrees,
Forbids our plenty to be bought with eaſe.

Promiſes.

BE very careful in your promiſes, and juſt in your performances; and remember it is better to do and not promiſe, than promiſe and not perform.

My promiſe and my faith ſhall be ſo ſure,
As neither age can change, nor art can cure.
Perform thy promiſe, keep within faith's bounds:
Who breaks his word, his reputation wounds.

Truth.

TRUTH is the bond of union, and the baſis of human happineſs; without this virtue there is no reliance upon language, no confidence in friendſhip, and no ſecurity in promiſes or oaths.

Truth is always conſiſtent with itſelf, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and ſits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware. Whereas a lie is troubleſome, and ſets a man's invention on the rack, and one trick needs a great many more of the ſame kind, to make it good.

Credit obtain'd, untruth for truth may paſs
As current coin, though underneath 'tis braſs:
But if perfidious thou but once be found,
Thy words, tho' true, like to untruth will ſound.

Wiſdom.

HAPPY is the man that findeth wiſdom, and the man that findeth underſtanding. For the merchandize

chandize of it is better than the merchandize of ſilver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canſt deſire, are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all her paths are peace.

Wiſdom's an evenneſs of mind and ſoul,
A ſteady temper, which no cares controul,
No paſſions ruffle, no deſires inflame,
Still conſtant to itſelf, and ſtill the ſame.

Merit.

A Man who entertains a high opinion of himſelf, is naturally ungrateful; he has too great an eſteem of his own merit, to be thankful for any favours received.

Mere baſhfulneſs without merit is aukward; and merit, without modeſty, inſolent: but modeſt merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders.

On Education.

THE youth, who's deſtin'd by the muſe
To charm with verſe a future age,
Should early have his boſom fir'd
With *Virgil*'s or great *Homer*'s rage.
His tender breaſt ſhould beat for fame,
And noble ſoul with rapture glow,
For praiſe diſdain the pomp of guilt,
Nor ever ſordid pleaſure know.
When, raviſh'd, he in *Homer* reads,
How *Hector* for his country ſtood,
The patriot zeal ſhould warm his cheek,
And glory fire his mounting blood.
Did then his mind, in manhood ſtrong,
Heav'n guided, with religion ſhine,
What reaſon would his writings crown,
And beauties beam in every line? Vir-

Virtue, the progeny of Heav'n,
Alone can god-like thoughts impart,
If vice corrupt the ſoul, in vain
We boaſt of all the pow'r of art.
But let true virtue once unite
With learning of terreſtrial birth,
The ſpheres their muſic will renew,
And heav'n deſcend to raptur'd earth.

A HYMN.

O Lord, when I the heav'ns ſurvey,
And all the ſplendid frame,
I feel my ardent breaſt conſum'd
With a devouring flame.
By thy command the radiant ſun
In glory crowns the day;
And ſtars, when ſhade inveſt the world,
Their gentler light diſplay.
The ſpring in ſweet viciſſitude,
Adorns the flow'ry fields,
And autumn gay with golden fruit,
A pleaſant proſpect yields.
If then thy lib'ral hand has pour'd
On nature ſo much grace,
O with what joy the ſaints behold
Th' effulgence of thy face!
While by reflection I thy charms
In nature here deſcry,
Longing to enter thy bleſt courts,
I languiſh, faint, and die.
My ſoul would, diſengaged from earth,
Be raviſh'd with thy ſight;
But, in this ſordid clay confin'd,
The body ſtops its flight.
When wilt thou to thy ſervant, Lord,
Unveil thy beauty's blaze,
And all my faculties be loſt
In ecſtaſy and praiſe?

The ECSTACY.

WHAT ſacred raptures fire my breaſt,
And ſnatch me to the ſkies,
While the low earth ſtretch'd out immenſe,
A ſpacious proſpect lies!
Bright gilded palaces in view,
Their ſhining turrets rear,
And rivers in rich ſmiling vales,
With ſeats of bliſs appear.
Lo, the wide ſhrinking orb no more
Its florid beauty ſhows;
But, wrapt in clouds, its fading ſcene
A group of figures grows.
What ſparkling orbs thro' the great void
Fill all the ambient ſkies!
While happy vales and amber ſtreams
Tranſport the raviſh'd eyes.
Hail, glorious God! thy boundleſs pow'r
Acts thro' all nature's ſphere:
Where'er I look creation round,
I ſee thy goodneſs there.
What rapid car thus whirls my ſoul
Beyond the azure ſkies?
A burſt of glory drowns my ſight,
And ſcenes ecſtatic riſe.
In bright effulgence here thy beams
In all their ſplendour blaze,
And ſaints with Angels emulate
Each other's love and praiſe.
But one at *Jeſus'* powerful hand
Shines bright above the reſt,
And love divine, in dazzling rays,
Is writ upon her breaſt.
Methinks I hear th' harmonious ſtrife,
And thunder of the choir,
While to the height of gratitude
The heav'nly hoſts aſpire.

Hark!

Hark! how the floating anthems ſwell,
And fill the realms above;
No wonder, when th' exalted theme
Is God and endleſs love.

The 97th Pſalm imitated.

TH' almighty Lord the world commands,
Let iſles rejoice and diſtant lands.
Pale darkneſs hides the ſky;
Juſtice around his throne is ſpread,
And gentle mercy crowns his head,
While angels near him fly.
Before him gleaming meteors ſhine,
That kill his foes with force divine:
The earth leap'd back with dread,
To ſee the blazing lightnings glare,
And thunder rattling thro' the air,
While rocks thro' fear recede.
The ſtarry orbs his power proclaim,
And diſtant nations bleſs his name.
Let all who bend the knee
To images, or a falſe god,
Be ſtruck dumb at thy awful nod,
And humbly bow to thee.
Sion and *Judah* gladly view
Thy mercies, and their ſongs renew,
For thou, in bliſs'd abodes
Doſt ſit conceal'd from mortal eyes,
In the bright azure of the ſkies,
Above all other gods.

H Y M N,

On the Nativity of our SAVIOUR.

LET chearful ſmiles in ev'ry face
Hail this returning morn,
On which, to ſave a ruin'd race,
The Son of God was born.

Let

Let holy love, and ſacred joy,
  Each grateful breaſt inflame,
While choirs of angels from the ſky
  His wond'rous birth proclaim.
While humble ſhepherds watch by night,
  Their harmleſs flocks to guard,
A ſudden blaze, divinely bright,
  O'er all the plain appear'd.
Amaz'd, they lift their wond'ring eyes,
  Some ſtrange event attend,
When, glorious, from the cleaving ſkies,
  The heav'nly bands deſcend.
In ranks of bright array they move,
  And hymns of triumph ſing;
With notes of harmony and love
  The airy regions ring:
" Glory to God, who ſits on high,
  " Let earth with peace abound;
" For tow'rds the ſons of men, this day,
  " Divine goodwill is found."
Thus, while the bright angelic throngs
  Their tuneful voices raiſe,
Earth, from ten thouſand grateful tongues,
  Shall echo back the praiſe.

Pſalm XLV. imitated.

By a young Divine now deceaſed.

PART I.

MY ardent heart, with holy raptures fir'd,
  Which this ſublime, this heav'nly theme inſpir'd,
Sends forth good things. In lofty ſtrains I ſing
The pow'r and grandeur of th' Almighty King.
Than tongue can ſpeak, ſwifter than pen can go,
From my tranſported breaſt melodious numbers flow.
  All human beauty thou doſt far ſurpaſs;
Such is the dazzling brightneſs of thy face,

Ten thouſand ſuns, in one united blaze,
Would all be loſt in thy ſuperior rays.
Around thy head celeſtial graces ſhine,
Eternal bliſs and glory ſhall be thine.
Go, Hero, arm'd with unreſiſted might,
Gird on thy ſword, prepare thyſelf to fight;
Array'd in majeſty, aſcend thy car,
And, undiſturb'd, drive on the proſp'rous war:
Diſplay thy pow'r, thine en'mies all confound;
Yet gracious ſtill, and ſtill with mercy crown'd.
The juſtice of thy cauſe ſhall thee inſpire
With holy brav'ry and undaunted fire.
Thy foes ſhall fall beneath thy thund'ring ſword,
And conquer'd Kings acknowledge thee their Lord.
All pow'r is thine, ſupreme *Jehovah*! thine
Infinite empire, and eternal reign.
By thy juſt laws are haughty mortals ſway'd,
Thou hat'ſt the bad, the righteous man doſt aid.
For this thy God, the monarch of the ſky,
Above all rival pow'r exalts thee high.
Within thy iv'ry courts, in ſhining ſtate,
Around thy throne, attendant princes wait;
While thou, amidſt perfumes, on high reclin'd,
Doſt feed with pure delights thy ſilent mind.
Here royal handmaids wait their Lords command;
At thy right ſide thy beauteous queen doth ſtand,
Her coſtly robes with golden foliage wrought,
Perfum'd with odours from *Arabia* brought.

PART II.

But thou, O queen, give ear and underſtand;
Forget thy father's houſe, and native land:
Let now thy former loves be all reſign'd,
And on the hero fix thy longing mind.
Th' enamour'd prince ſhall doat upon thy charms,
Hang on thy lips, and fold thee in his arms.
He'll place thee next himſelf in ſtate and pow'r,
(But thou with rev'rence ſtill thy God adore.)
The *Tyrian* queen ſhall leave her native ſeat,
And fraught with gifts, in thy apartments wait.

The

The rich, and all deriv'd of noble race,
Shall court thy favour, and implore thy grace.
Behold the princeſs, cloath'd in rich attire;
Great King, thy deſtin'd ſpouſe, thy ſoul's deſire;
Her robes adorn'd with interwoven gold,
Her radiant face, more glorious to behold.
In charms how far ſuperior is her mind!
All graces here, all virtues are combin'd.
Lo, prince, thy royal bride, this lovely maid,
She comes to thee in nuptial robes array'd;
Where needle work its living art diſplays,
And ſparkling gems reflect the golden rays.
Behold, amidſt a choir of virgins bright,
She walks, ſurpaſſing fair, and charms the ſight;
While winning graces and majeſtic mien
Confeſs her grandeur, and declare her queen.
She, thus ſurrounded by the gazing throng,
In glad proceſſion ſhall be brought along;
With her aſſociate nymphs ſhall joyful come,
And thronging enter thy imperial dome.
But thou, O queen, ſuſpend thy pious care,
No more lament thy dame and aged ſire:
Inſtead of thoſe, thou joyful ſhalt embrace
Thy numerous progeny, a happy race;
For grandeur much, for virtue more renown'd,
And all in future times with empire crown'd.
Thou art the glorious ſubject of my lays,
To nations far remov'd I'll ſing thy praiſe:
While fleeting ſhades around the mountains turn,
And twinkling ſtars in midnight watches burn;
While orient *Phœbus* gilds the purple day,
Thy honour, praiſe, and fame ſhall ne'er decay.

GRATITUDE. An Ode.

MY friend, my Saviour, and my God,
O how ſhall I declare
The ardours of my glowing heart?
But they to thee appear.

In wonder loſt, ten thouſand themes
  Demand my grateful ſong;
Moſt, that thy mercies, tho' provok'd
  My worthleſs life prolong.
In youth, what raptures fill'd my ſoul,
  Before I well could know
The glorious ſource, from whence ſuch bliſs
  Did in full torrents flow!
When learning had enlarg'd my mind,
  And open'd a new field,
The contemplation of thy works
  Did other pleaſures yield.
But vice ſoon threat'ned to deſtroy
  My too preſumptuous ſoul;
As ſoon thy kindneſs bitter mix'd
  In the luxurious bowl.
My ſoul was then to pain expos'd,
  And days in ſorrow drown'd;
But when the moſt oppreſs'd, in thee
  I always comfort found.
My friends prov'd falſe, my friends, ev'n they
  Who ſhould have been moſt kind;
But in the terrors of that gloom,
  Thy mercy doubly ſhin'd.
Thy goodneſs rais'd me other friends,
  And a new breaking day
Did with warm joy my heart dilate,
  And brighter ſcenes diſplay.
So o'er the foamy working ſeas
  The lab'ring veſſel flies,
While waves on waves in tumults break,
  And waſh the azure ſkies.
Tho' loud the ſtorm, thy potent voice
  No ſooner awes the main,
The thunder of the tempeſt falls,
  And all grows calm again.
No longer the fierce winds, conſpir'd,
  O'er the wide ocean ſweep;
But ſoft Eteſian gales ariſe,
  And charm the ſilver'd deep.

In-

Inſtead of fabled muſes, fire
My breaſt to hymn thy name;
O pardon what is paſt! thy love
Is glory, health, and fame.
Thou beauty's ſource! O grant this wiſh,
May I enjoy thy ſight,
Diſſolve in rapt'rous praiſe, and melt
In beatific light.

The VISION.

From the latter part of the fourth chapter of Job, *paraphraſed and enlarged.*

'TWAS at the dark and ſilent hour of night,
When airy viſions ſkim before the ſight;
When men entranc'd in balmy ſleep are laid,
And deeper ſlumbers ev'ry ſenſe invade:
A voice ſhrill-ſounding pierc'd my liſt'ning ear,
(The ſolemn accents ſtill methinks I hear)
And lo aroſe, before my wond'ring eyes,
A ſhapeleſs ſpectre of ſtupend'ous ſize:
Sullen it me approach'd with awful grace,
And frowning dreadful ſtar'd me in the face.
Deep ſunk my heart, my hair erected ſtood,
And ſweaty drops my ſhaking limbs bedew'd.
At length a voice the ſolemn ſilence broke,
And thus in hollow tone the phantom ſpoke:
What art thou, mortal man! thou breathing clod,
Thou daring rival of thy author, God?
Is then this heap of animated duſt
Pure as his maker? as his maker juſt?
What are the gifts to human nature giv'n,
That man uſurps the attributes of heaven?
Th' angelic hoſt that on the God-head wait,
And iſſue forth his miniſters of fate,
Not of themſelves perform his great command,
But own his guidance and o'er-ruling hand:
Shall then preſumpt'ous man his actions ſway,
This lordly tenant of a lump of clay?

Who from a ſordid maſs derives his birth,
And drops again into his mother earth;
Whoſe carcaſe mouldring in the ſilent tomb,
Devouring reptiles mangle and conſume?
Look round the ſurface of this earthly ball,
See grandeur vaniſh, and ev'n nations fall?
What millions die, their race of being run,
Between the riſing and the ſetting ſun!
See man each hour reſign his fleeting breath,
And ſink unheaded in the jaws of death!
Thus falls thy boaſted wiſdom, mortal man!
A cloud its ſubſtance, and its date a ſpan!
Thy ſhort perfection on thy Life depends,
In death's great period all thy knowledge ends.

The HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend HERMIT grew:
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the chryſtal well:
Remote from man, with God he paſs'd the days,
Pray'r all his buſineſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.
A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heav'n itſelf, till one ſuggeſtion roſe,
That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey;
This ſprung ſome doubt of providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenure of his ſoul was loſt.
So, when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſw'ring colours glow:
But if a ſtone the gentle ſcene divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every ſide,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, trees, and ſkies, in thick diſorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books, or ſwains, report it right,

(For

(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell, the pilgrim-ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd his ſcallop in his hat before,
Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and lonely was the wild to paſs:
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er a croſſing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd;
And hail! my Son, the rev'rend ſire reply'd:
Words followed words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus ſtands an aged elm, in ivy bound;
Thus youthful ivy claſps the elm around.
Now ſunk the ſun, the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantl'd o'er with ſober gray;
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe:
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe.
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.
It chanc'd, the noble maſter of the dome
Still made his houſe the wand'ring ſtranger's home:
Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arrive: the liv'ry ſervants wait;
Their Lord receives them at the pompous gate,
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the *Zephyrs* play:
Freſh o'er the parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighb'ring wood to baniſh ſleep. Up

Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe of wo:
His cup was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The younger gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſtning and baſking in the ſummer-ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with fear:
So ſeem'd the ſire, when, far upon the road,
The ſhining ſpoil his wily partner ſhow'd.
He ſtopt with ſilence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a baſe reward.
While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſky hangs out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert ſcud acroſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns, the wandering pair retreat,
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighb'ring ſeat.
'Twas built with turrets on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a deſert there.
As near the miſer's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;
The nimble light'ning mixt with ſhow'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock'd, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt,
('Twas then his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the ſhiv'ring pair:
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour thro' their limbs recals. Bread

Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted, ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With ſtill remark the pond'ring hermit view'd,
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch (within himſelf he cry'd)
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place,
In ev'ry ſett'ling feature of his face,
When from his veſt the young companion bore,
That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profuſely with the precious bowl
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul!
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, chear the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's boſom Wrought,
With all the travail of uncertain thought.
His partner's acts without their cauſe appear;
'Twas there a vice, and ſeemed a madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Loſt and confounded with the various ſhows.
Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky,
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie;
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh;
The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind;
Content, and not for praiſe, but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet.
Their greeting fair beſtow'd, with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies:
"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
"To him who gives us all, I yield a part; "From

"From him you come, for him accept it here,
"A frank and ſober, more than coſtly chear."
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave houſehold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with pray'r.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repoſe,
Was ſtrong for toil, the dappled morn aroſe.
Before the pilgrim's part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd craddle where an infant ſlept,
And writh'd his neck; the landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only ſon!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done!
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more aſſault his heart.
Confus'd, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the youth purſues. The country lay
Perplex'd with roads; a ſervant ſhewed the way:
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find; the ſervant trod before.
Long arms of oak an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in.
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead.
Wild, ſparkling rage inflames the father's eyes;
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Deteſted wretch——but ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair,
Celeſtial odours breathe thro' purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes diſplay.
The form etherial burſts upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light. Tho'

Tho' loud at firſt the pilgrim's paſſion grow,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surprize in ſecret chains his words ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.
But ſilence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke.)
Thy pray'r, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne.
Theſe charms ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky —
Nay, ceaſe to kneel, thy fellow-ſervant I:
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let the ſcruples be no longer thine.
The Maker juſtly claims that world he made,
In this the right of providence is laid:
Its ſacred majeſty thro' all depends,
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high;
Your actions uſes, not controls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.
What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurprize,
Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet, taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt.
The *great*, *vain man*, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning-draughts of wine;
Has, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.
The *mean*, *ſuſpicious wretch*, whoſe bolted door,
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him, I left the cup to teach his mind,
That heav'n can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.
Thus artiſts melt the ſullen oar of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head,

In

In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow
And, looſe from droſs, the ſilver runs below.
Long had our *pious friend* in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again,
To what exceſſes had his dotage run?
But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon,
To all, but thee, in fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow.)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
Now owns in tears the puniſhment was juſt.
But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back?
This night his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus heav'n inſtructs thy mind; this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.
On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
The ſage ſtood wond'ring as the ſeraph flew.
Thus look'd *Eliſha*, when, to mount on high,
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky:
The fiery pomp aſcending, left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord, as in heaven, on earth thy will be done:
Then gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

A Morning HYMN.

AWake my ſoul, and with the ſun,
Thy daily ſtage of duty run:
Shake off dull ſloth and early riſe,
To pay thy morning ſacrifice.
Redeem thy miſpent time that's paſt;
Live this day as if it were thy laſt:
T' improve thy talents take due care,
'Gainſt the great day thyſelf prepare.
Let all thy converſe be ſincere,
Thy conſcience as the noon-day clear: Think

Think how th' all-ſeeing God thy ways
And all thy ſecret thoughts ſurveys.
Wake, and lift up thyſelf, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unweary'd ſing,
Glory to the eternal King.
I wake, I wake, ye heav'nly choir,
May your devotion me inſpire;
That I like you my age may ſpend,
Like you may on my God attend.
May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in ſight;
Perform, like you, my Maker's will:
O, may I never do more ill!
Glory to thee, who ſafe haſt kept,
And haſt refreſh'd me while I ſlept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death ſhall wake,
I may of endleſs life partake.
Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my ſins as morning dew;
Guard my firſt ſpring of thought and will,
And with thyſelf my ſpirit fill.
Direct, controul, ſuggeſt this day,
All I deſign, or do, or ſay;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy ſole glory may unite.
Praiſe God, from whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe him, all creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, y' angelic hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

An Evening HYMN.

GLory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the bleſſings of the light.
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own Almighty wings.
Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear ſon,
The ills that I this day have done;

That with the world, myſelf, and thee,
I, e'er I ſleep, at peace may be.
Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that ſo I may
Triumphing riſe at the laſt day.
O may my ſoul on thee repoſe,
And with ſweet ſleep mine eye-lids cloſe;
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
To ſerve my God when I awake.
When in the night I ſleepleſs lie,
My Soul with heav'nly thoughts ſupply;
Let no ill dreams diſturb my reſt,
No pow'rs of darkneſs me moleſt.
Let my bleſt guardian, while I ſleep,
Cloſe to my bed his vigils keep;
Divine love into me inſtill;
Stop all the avenues of ill:
Thought to thought with my ſoul converſe;
Celeſtial joys to me rehearſe;
And in my ſtead all the night long
Sing to my God a grateful ſong.
Praiſe God, from whom, *&c.*

A Midnight HYMN.

LORD, now my ſleep does me forſake,
The ſole poſſeſſion of me take;
Let no vain fancy me illude,
Nor one impure deſire intrude.
My ſoul, when I ſhake off this duſt,
Lord, in thy arms I will intruſt:
O make me thy peculiar care,
Some heav'nly manſion me prepare.
Give me a place at thy ſaints feet,
Or ſome fall'n angel's vacant ſeat:
I'll ſtrive to ſing as loud as they,
Who ſit above in brighter day.

O may

O may I always ready ſtand,
With my lamp burning in my hand;
May I in ſight of heav'n rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the bridegroom's voice.
Glory to thee in light array'd,
Who light thy dwelling-place haſt made.
An immenſe ocean of bright beams
From thy all-glorious Godhead ſtreams.
The ſun, in its meridian height,
Is very darkneſs in thy ſight:
My ſoul, O lighten and inflame
With thought and love of thy great name.
Bleſt Jeſus! thou, on heav'n intent,
Whole nights haſt in devotion ſpent;
But I, frail creature, ſoon am tir'd,
And all my zeal is ſoon expir'd.
Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Freſh ardors kindle in my heart:
One ray of thy all-quickning light,
Diſpels the ſloth and clouds of night.
Lord, leſt the tempter me ſurprize,
Watch over thine own ſacrifice:
All looſe, all idle thoughts caſt out;
And make my very dreams devout.
Praiſe God, *&c.*

A Paſtoral HYMN.

O Lord, my God, my ſongs to thee
Shall, like thyſelf, immortal be!
For ever I'll thy praiſe expreſs,
And every day thy name will bleſs.
Great is the Lord, his praiſe no bounds
Confine, no line his greatneſs ſounds.
That generation which ſucceeds,
Shall learn from this thy mighty deeds.
The honour of thy Majeſty
I'll ſing, how wonderful! how high!

The meaſures of thy grace who know!
Thy mercy's ſwift, thy anger ſlow.
God's Majeſty, his pow'r, the ſtate
Of his dominion, Saints relate;
So large, ſo laſting, ſo renown'd,
As neither place nor time ſhall bound.

From Mr Thomſon's AUTUMN.

ALL is the gift of *induſtry* whate'er
Exalts, embelliſhes, and renders life
Delightful. Penſive winter chear'd by him
Sits at the ſocial fire, and happy hears
The excluded tempeſt idly rave along.
His hardned fingers deck the gaudy ſpring;
Without him ſummer were an arid waſte;
Nor to th' autumnal months could this tranſmit
Theſe full, mature, immeaſurable ſtores,
That, waving round, recal my wand'ring ſong.
Soon as the morning trembles o'er the ſky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the ſpreading day;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers ſtand,
In fair array; each by the laſs he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameleſs gentle offices her toil.
At once they ſtoop, and ſwell the luſty ſheaves;
While, bandied round and round, the rural talk,
The rural ſcandal, and the rural jeſt
Fly harmleſs, to deceive the tedious time,
And chearly ſteal the ſultry hours away.
Behind the maſter walks, builds up the ſhocks;
And, conſcious, glancing oft on ev'ry ſide
His ſated eyes, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners ſpread around, and here and there,
Spike after ſpike, their ſparing harveſt pick.
Be not too narrow, huſbandman! but fling
From the full ſheaf, with charitable ſtealth,
The lib'ral handful. Think, oh grateful think!
How good the God of harveſt is to you;

Who

Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While theſe unhappy partners of your kind
Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heav'n,
And aſk their humble dole. The various turns
Of fortune ponder; that your ſons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint ye give.
The lovely young *Lavinia* once had friends;
And fortune ſmil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For in her helpleſs years depriv'd of all,
Of ev'ry ſtay, ſave innocence and heav'n,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, loſt far up
Amid the windings of a wooden vale,
Safe from the cruel, blaſting arts of man;
Almoſt on nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that ſung them to repoſe,
Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was freſher than the morning roſe,
When the due wets its leaves; unſtain'd and pure,
As the lily, or as the mountain ſnow.
The modeſt virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flow'rs;
Or when the ſtories that her mother told,
Of what her faithleſs fortune flatter'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy ſtar
Of ev'ning, ſhone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple robe; for lovelineſs
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament;
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the moſt.
Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was beauty's ſelf,
Recluſe among the woods; if city dames
Will deign their faith. And thus ſhe went, compell'd
By ſtrong neceſſity, with as ſerene
And pleas'd a look as patience can put on,
To glean *Palæmon*'s fields. The pride of ſwains
Palæmon was, the gen'rous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy,

And elegance, ſuch as *Arcadian* ſong
Tranſmits from ancient, incorrupted times;
When tyrant cuſtom had not ſheckled man,
And free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal ſcenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſide his reaper train
To walk, when poor *Lavinia* drew his eye;
Unconſcious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected bluſhes from his gaze,
He ſaw her charming, but he ſaw not half
The charms her downcaſt modeſty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaſte deſire
Sprung in his boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which ſcarce the firm philoſopher can ſcorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſigh'd.
What pity! that ſo delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, and harmonious ſhap'd,
Where ſenſe ſincere, and goodneſs ſeem'd to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of ſome indecent clown? ſhe looks, methinks,
Of old *Acaſto*'s line; and to my mind
Recals that patron of my happy life,
From whom my lib'ral fortune took its riſe;
Now to the duſt gone down; his houſes, lands,
And once fair-ſpreading family diſſolv'd.
I've heard that, in ſome waſte obſcure retreat,
Urg'd by remembrance ſad, and decent pride,
Far from thoſe ſcenes which knew their better days,
His aged widow and his daughter live;
Whom yet my fruitleſs ſearch could never find.
Romantic wiſh, would this the daughter were!
When, ſtrict enquiring, from herſelf he found,
She was the ſame, the daughter of his friend,
The bountiful *Acaſto*; who can ſpeak
The mingling paſſions that ſurpriz'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in ſhiv'ring tranſport ran?
Then blaz'd his ſmother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;

And

And as he run her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confus'd and frighten'd at his ſudden tears,
Her riſing beauties fluſh'd a higher bloom,
As thus *Palæmon*, paſſionate, and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his ſoul:
And art thou then *Acaſto*'s dear remains?
She whom my reſtleſs gratitude has ſought
So long in vain? oh yes! the very ſame,
The ſoften'd image of my noble friend,
Alive, his ev'ry feature, ev'ry look,
More elegantly touch'd. Fairer than ſpring!
Thou ſole ſurviving bloſſom from the root,
That nouriſh'd up my fortune! ſay, ah where,
In what unſmiling deſart, haſt thou drawn
The kindeſt aſpect of delighted heav'n?
Into ſuch beauty ſpread? and blown ſo white?
Tho' poverty's cold wind, and cruſhing rain,
Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years.
O let me now, into a richer ſoil
Tranſplant thee ſafe! where vernal ſuns, and ſhow'rs
Diffuſe their warmeſt, largeſt influence;
And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
It ill befits thee, oh, it ill befits
Acaſto's daughter, his, whoſe open ſtores,
Tho' vaſt, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuſe of thoſe harveſt fields,
His bounty taught to gain, and right enjoy.
Then throw that ſhameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill apply'd to ſuch a rugged taſk;
With harveſt ſhining, all theſe fields are thine;
And, if my wiſhes may preſume ſo far,
Their maſter too; who then indeed were bleſs'd,
To make the daughter of *Acaſto* ſo!
Here ceas'd the youth: yet ſtill his ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul,
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.

Nor

Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodneſs irreſiſtible, and all
In ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, ſhe pin'd away
The lonely moments for *Lavinia*'s fate:
Amaz'd, and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joy ſeiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of ſetting life ſhone on her evening-hours;
Not leſs enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flouriſh'd long in mutual bliſs, and rear'd
A numerous off-ſpring, lovely like themſelves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.
Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The ſultry ſouth collects a potent blaſt.
At firſt, the groves are ſcarcely ſeen to ſtir
Their trembling tops; and a ſtill murmur runs
Along the ſoft-inclining fields of corn.
But as the aerial tempeſt fuller ſwells,
And in one mighty ſtream, inviſible,
Immenſe, the whole excited atmoſphere,
Impetuous ruſhes o'er the ſounding world;
Strain'd to the root, the ſtooping foreſt pours
A ruſtling ſhower of yet untimely leaves.
High beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the diſſipated ſtorm,
And ſend it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd, and naked, to its utmoſt rage,
Thro' all the ſea of harveſt rolling round,
The billowy plain boils wide; nor can evade,
Tho' pliant to the blaſt, its ſeizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waſte. And ſometimes too a burſt of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, deſcends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The glomerating tempeſt grows, and ſtill
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie ſunk, and flatted, in the ſordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches ſwell; the meadows ſwim;

Red,

Red, from the hills, innumerable ſtreams
Tumultuous roar, and high above its banks
The river lift; before whoſe weighty ruſh,
Herds, flocks, and harveſt, cottages, and ſwains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had ſpar'd,
In one wild moment, ruin'd the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treaſures of the painful year.
Fled to ſome eminence, the huſbandman,
Helpleſs, beholds the miſerable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Deſcending, with his labours ſcatter'd round,
He ſees; and inſtant o'er his ſhiv'ring thought
Comes winter unprovided, and a train
Of claimant children dear. Ye maſters, then
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That ſinks you ſoft in elegance, and eaſe;
Be mindful of thoſe limbs, in ruſſet clad,
Whoſe toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride;
And oh be mindful of that ſparing board,
Which covers yours with luxury profuſe,
Makes your glaſs ſparkle, and your ſenſe rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
And all-involving winds have ſwept away.

From PARADISE LOST.

——— As new wak'd from ſoundeſt ſleep,
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy ſweat, which with his beams the ſun
Soon dry'd, and on the reeking moiſture fed.
Straight toward heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd awhile the ample ſky, till rais'd
By quick inſtinctive motion up I ſprung,
As thitherward endeav'ring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I ſaw
Hill, dale, and ſhady woods, and ſunny plains,
And liquid lapſe of murm'ring ſtreams; by theſe,
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things ſmil'd

With

With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
Myſelf I then perus'd, and limb by limb
Survey'd; and ſometimes went, and ſometimes ran
With ſupple joints, and lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cauſe,
Knew not. To ſpeak I try'd, and forthwith ſpake;
My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
Whate'er I ſaw. Thou ſun, ſaid I, fair light,
And thou enlighten'd earth, ſo freſh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye ſaw, how I came thus, how here!
Not of myſelf; by ſome great Maker then,
In goodneſs and in pow'r pre-eminent;
Tell me, how I may know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.
While thus I call'd, and ſtray'd I knew not whither,
From where I firſt drew air, and firſt beheld
This happy light, when anſwer none return'd,
On a green ſhady bank, profuſe of flow'rs,
Penſive I ſat me down; there gentle ſleep
Firſt found me, and with ſoft oppreſſion ſeiz'd
My drowſed ſenſe, untroubled; tho' I thought
I then was paſſing to my former ſtate
Inſenſible, and forthwith to diſſolve:
When ſuddenly ſtood at my head a dream,
Whoſe inward apparition gently mov'd
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And liv'd: One came, methought, of ſhape divine,
And ſaid, Thy manſion wants thee, Adam, riſe,
Firſt man, of men innumerable ordain'd
Firſt father; call'd by thee, I come thy guide
To the garden of bliſs, thy ſeat prepar'd.
So ſaying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth ſliding without ſtep, laſt led me up
A woody mountain; whoſe high top was plain,
A circuit wide, enclos'd with goodlieſt trees
Planted,

Planted, with walks, and bow'rs, that what I ſaw
Of earth before ſcarce pleaſant ſeem'd. Each tree
Loaden with faireſt fruit, that hung to th' eye,
Tempting, ſtirr'd in me ſudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively ſhadow'd. Here had new begun
My wand'ring, had not he who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
Preſence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell [I am,
Submiſs; he rear'd me, and Whom thou ſought'ſt
Said mildly, author of all this thou ſeeſt
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradiſe I give thee; count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat.
Of ev'ry tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
But of the tree whoſe operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have ſet
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, ſhun to taſte,
And ſhun the bitter conſequence: for know,
The day thou eat'ſt thereof, my ſole command
Tranſgreſs'd, inevitably thou ſhalt die,
From that day mortal; and this happy ſtate
Shalt loſe, expell'd from thence into a world
Of wo and ſorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which reſounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, tho' in my choice
Not to incur; but ſoon his clear aſpect
Return'd, and gracious purpoſe thus renew'd:
Not only theſe fair bounds, but all the earth
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
Poſſeſs it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in ſea or air, beaſt, fiſh, and fowl:
In ſign whereof, each bird and beaſt behold
After their kinds; I bring them to receive

From

From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
With low ſubjection; underſtand the ſame
Of fiſh within their wat'ry reſidence
Not hither ſummon'd, ſince they cannot change
Their element to draw the thinner air.
As thus he ſpake, each bird and beaſt behold
Approaching two and two, theſe cowring low
With blandiſhment, each bird ſtoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them as they paſs'd, and underſtood
Their nature; with ſuch knowledge God endu'd
My ſudden apprehenſion: But in theſe
I found not what methought I wanted ſtill;
And to the heav'nly viſion thus preſum'd.
O by what name, for thou above all theſe,
Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,
Surpaſſeth far my naming, how may I
Adore thee, author of this univerſe,
And all this good to man? for whoſe well-being
So amply, and with hands ſo liberal
Thou haſt provided all things; but with me
I ſee not who partakes. In ſolitude,
What happineſs? who can enjoy alone?
Or all-enjoying, what contentment find?
Thus I preſumptuous; and the viſion bright,
As with a ſmile more brighten'd, thus reply'd.
What call'ſt thou ſolitude? Is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air
Repleniſh'd, and all theſe at thy command
To come and play before thee? Know'ſt thou not
Their language and their ways? They alſo know,
And reaſon not contemptibly; with theſe
Find paſtime and bear rule, thy realm is large,
So ſpake the univerſal Lord, and ſeem'd
So ord'ring. I with leave of ſpeech implor'd,
And humble deprecation, thus reply'd.
Let not my words offend thee, heav'nly power;
My maker, be propitious while I ſpeak.
Haſt thou not made me here thy ſubſtitute,
And theſe inferior far beneath me ſet?

Among

Among unequals what ſociety
Can ſort, what harmony or true delight?
Which muſt be mutual, in proportion due,
Giv'n and receiv'd; but in diſparity,
The one intenſe, the other ſtill remiſs,
Cannot well ſuit with either, but ſoon prove
Tedious alike: of fellowſhip I ſpeak
Such as I ſeek, fit to participate
All rational delight, wherein the brute
Cannot be human conſort: they rejoice
Each with their kind, lion with lioneſs;
So fitly them in pairs thou haſt combin'd;
Much leſs can bird with beaſt, or fiſh with fowl
So well converſe, nor with the ox the ape:
Worſe then can man with beaſt, and leaſt of all.
Whereto th' Almighty anſwer'd, not diſpleas'd:
A nice and ſubtle happineſs, I ſee,
Thou to thyſelf propoſeſt, in the choice
Of thy aſſociates, *Adam*, and wilt taſte
No pleaſure, though in pleaſure, ſolitary.
What think'ſt thou then of me, and this my ſtate?
Seem I to thee ſufficiently poſſeſt
Of happineſs, or not? who am alone
From all eternity; for none I know
Second to me or like, equal much leſs.
How have I then with whom to hold converſe,
Save with the creatures which I made, and thoſe
To me inferior, infinite deſcents
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?
He ceas'd. I lowly anſwer'd: to attain
The height and depth of thy eternal ways
All human thoughts come ſhort, Supreme of things;
Thou in thyſelf art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficience found: not ſo is man,
But in degree, the cauſe of his deſire
By converſation with his like to help,
Or ſolace his defects. No need that thou
Should'ſt propagate, already infinite;
And through all numbers abſolute, though one:

But man by number is to manifeſt
His ſingle imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his image multiply'd,
In unity defective, which requires
Collateral love, and deareſt amity.
Thou in thy ſecrecy although alone,
Beſt with thyſelf accompany'd, ſeek'ſt not
Social communication; yet ſo pleas'd,
Canſt raiſe thy creature to what height thou wilt
Of union or communion, deify'd:
I by converſing cannot theſe erect
From prone, nor in their ways complacence find.
Thus I embolden'd ſpake, and freedom us'd
Permiſſive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
This anſwer from the gracious voice divine.
Thus far to try thee, *Adam*, I was pleas'd,
And find thee knowing not of beaſts alone,
Which thou haſt rightly nam'd, but of thyſelf,
Expreſſing well the ſpirit within thee free,
My image, not imparted to the brute,
Whoſe fellowſhip therefore unmeet for thee
Good reaſon was thou freely ſhouldſt diſlike,
And be ſo minded ſtill; I, ere thou ſpak'ſt,
Knew it not good for man to be alone,
And no ſuch company as then thou ſaw'ſt
Intended thee, for trial only brought,
To ſee how thou could'ſt judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring ſhall pleaſe thee, be aſſur'd.
Thy likeneſs, thy fit help, thy other ſelf,
Thy wiſh exactly to thy heart's deſire.
He ended, or I heard no more, for now
My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,
Which it had long ſtood under, ſtrain'd to th' height
In that celeſtial colloquy ſublime,
As with an object that excels the ſenſe,
Dazled and ſpent, ſunk down, and ſought repair
Of ſleep, which inſtantly fell on me, call'd
By nature as in aid, and clos'd my eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell

Of

Of fancy, my internal ſight, by which
Abſtract as in a trance methought I ſaw,
Though ſleeping, where I lay, and ſaw the ſhape
Still glorious, before whom awake I ſtood,
Who ſtooping open'd my left ſide, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial ſpirits warm,
And life-blood ſtreaming freſh; wide was the wound,
But ſuddenly with fleſh fill'd up and heal'd:
The rib he form'd and faſhion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Man like, but different ſex, ſo lovely fair,
That what ſeem'd fair in all the world ſeem'd now
Mean, or in her ſummed up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inſpir'd
The ſpirit of love and amorous delight.
She diſappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loſs, and other pleaſures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her not far off,
Such as I ſaw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all earth or heaven could beſtow
To make her amiable. On ſhe came,
Led by her heav'nly maker, though unſeen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial ſanctity and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her ſteps, heav'n in her eye,
In every geſture dignity and love.
I, over-joy'd, could not forbear aloud.
This turn hath made amends; thou haſt fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
Giver of all things fair, but faireſt this
Of all thy gifts, nor envieſt. I now ſee
Bone of my bone, fleſh of my fleſh, myſelf
Before me: *Woman* is her name, of man
Extracted: for this cauſe he ſhall forego
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
And they ſhall be one fleſh, one heart, one ſoul.

She heard me thus, and, tho' divinely brought,
Yet innocence and virgin modeſty,
Her virtue and the conſcience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unſought be won,
Not obvious, not obtruſive, but retir'd,
The more deſirable, or to ſay all,
Nature herſelf; tho' pure of ſinful thought,
Wrought in her ſo, that ſeeing me ſhe turn'd;
I follow'd her; ſhe what was honour knew,
And with obſequious majeſty approv'd
My pleaded reaſon.———

DESCRIPTION *of* EDEN.

———*Eden* ſtretch'd her line
From *Auran* eaſtward to the royal tow'rs
Of great *Seleucia*, built by *Grecian* kings,
Or where the ſons of *Eden* long before
Dwelt in *Telaſſar*: In this pleaſant ſoil,
His far more pleaſant garden God ordain'd;
Out of the fertile ground he caus'd to grow
All trees of nobleſt kind for ſight, ſmell, taſte;
And all amid them ſtood the tree of life,
High eminent, blooming ambroſial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
Our death the tree of knowledge grew faſt by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through *Eden* went a river large,
Nor chang'd his courſe, but thro' the ſhaggy hill
Paſs'd underneath ingulft; for God had thrown
That mountain as his garden mold high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirſt up drawn,
Roſe a freſh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the ſteep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darkſome paſſage now appears,
And now divided into four main ſtreams,

Runs

Runs diverſe, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account,
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that ſapphire fount the criſped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and ſands of gold,
With mazy error under pendant ſhades
Ran nectar, viſiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs worthy of Paradiſe, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuſe on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning ſun firſt warmly ſmote
The open field, and where the unpierc'd ſhade
Imbrown'd the noontide bow'rs: thus was this place
A happy rural ſeat of various view;
Groves whoſe rich trees wept od'rous gums & balm;
Others whoſe fruit burniſh'd with golden rind
Hung amiable, *Heſperian* fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taſte:
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmy hillock, or the flow'ry lap
Of ſome irriguous valley ſpread her ſtore,
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the roſe;
Another ſide, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool receſs, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; mean while murm'ring waters fall
Down the ſlope hills diſpers'd, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her cryſtal mirror holds, unite their ſtreams.
The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the ſmell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while univerſal *Pan*
Knit with the *graces* and the *hours* in dance
Led on th' eternal ſpring. Not that fair field
Of *Enna*, where *Proſerpine* gath'ring flow'rs,
Herſelf a fairer flow'r by gloomy *Dis*
Was gather'd, which coſt *Ceres* all that pain
To ſeek her thro' the world; nor that ſweet grove

Of *Daphne* by *Orontes* and th' inſpir'd
Caſtalian ſpring, might with this Paradiſe
Of *Eden* ſtrive; nor that *Nyſeian* iſle
Girt with the river *Triton*, where old *Cham*,
Whom gentiles *Ammon* call and *Lybian Jove*,
Hid *Amalthea* and her florid ſon
Young *Bacchus* from his ſtep-dame *Rhea*'s eye;
Nor where *Abaſſin* kings their iſſue guard,
Mount *Amara*, (tho' this by ſome ſuppoſed
True Paradiſe under the *Ethiop* line
By *Nilus*' head) enclos'd with ſhining rock,
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
From this *Aſſyrian* garden, where the fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living creatures new to ſight and ſtrange.
Two of far nobler ſhape, erect and tall,
God-like erect, with native honour clad
In naked majeſty ſeem'd lords of all,
And worthy ſeem'd; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious maker ſhone.
Truth, wiſdom, ſanctitude ſevere and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd)
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their ſex not equal ſeem'd.
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For ſoftneſs ſhe, and ſweet attractive grace,
He for God only, ſhe for God in him:
His fair large front and eye ſublime declar'd
Abſolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſt'ring, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad:
She as a veil down to the ſlender waiſt
Her unadorned golden treſſes wore
Diſhevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the vine curls her tendrils; which imply'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle ſway,
And by her yielded, by him beſt receiv'd,
Yielded with coy ſubmiſſion, modeſt pride,

And ſweet reluctant amorous delay.

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhunn'd the ſight
Of God or angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they paſs'd, the loveliеſt pair
That ever ſince in love's embraces met;
Adam the goodlieſt man of men ſince born
His ſons, the faireſt of her daughters *Eve.*
Under a tuft of ſhade that on a green
Stood whiſp'ring ſoft, by a freſh fountain ſide
They ſat them down; and after no more toil
Of their ſweet gard'ning labour then ſuffic'd
To recommend cool *Zephyr*, and made eaſe
More eaſy, wholſome thirſt and appetite
More grateful, to their ſupper fruits they fell;
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
Yielded them ſide-long as they ſat recline
On the ſoft downy bank damaſkt with flow'rs:
The ſavoury pulp they chew, and in the rind
Still as they thirſted ſcoop the brimming ſtream.

* * * * * * * * *

——— About them friſking play'd
All beaſts of the earth, ſince wild, and of all chace
In wood or wilderneſs, foreſt or den:
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tygers, ounces, pards,
Gambol'd before them; th' unweildy elephant,
To make them mirth, us'd all his might, & wreath'd
His lithe proboſcis; cloſe the ſerpent fly
Inſinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the graſs
Couch'd, and now fill'd with paſture, gazing ſat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the ſun
Declin'd was haſting now with prone career
To the ocean iſles, and in the aſcending ſcale
Of heav'n the ſtars that uſher ev'ning roſe.

* * * * * * * * *

——— When

——— When *Adam* firſt of men
To firſt of woman *Eve* thus moving ſpeech,
Turned him all ear to hear new utterance flow.
Sole partner, and ſole part, of all theſe joys,
Dearer thyſelf than all; needs muſt the power
That made us, and for us this ample world,
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite;
That rais'd us from the duſt, and plac'd us here
In all this happineſs, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can perform
Aught whereof he hath need, he who requires
From us no other ſervice than to keep
This one, this eaſy charge, of all the trees
In Paradiſe that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taſte that only tree
Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'ſt
God hath pronounc'd it death to taſte that tree,
The only ſign of our obedience left
Among ſo many ſigns of pow'r and rule
Conferr'd upon us, and dominion given
Over all other creatures that poſſeſs
Earth, air, and ſea. Then let us not think hard
One eaſy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave ſo large to all things elſe, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights:
But let us ever praiſe him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful taſk
To prune theſe growing plants, & tend theſe flowers,
Which were it toilſome, yet with thee were ſweet.
To whom thus *Eve* reply'd. O thou for whom,
And from whom I was form'd, fleſh of thy fleſh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou haſt ſaid is juſt and right.
For we to him indeed all praiſes owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee

Pre-

Pre-eminent by ſo much odds, while thou
Like conſort to thyſelf canſt no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from ſleep
I firſt awak'd, and found myſelf repos'd
Under a ſhade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not diſtant far from thence a murm'ring ſound
Of waters iſſued from a cave and ſpread
Into a liquid plain, then ſtood unmov'd
Pure as the expanſe of heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me ſeem'd another ſky.
As I bent down to look, juſt oppoſite
A ſhape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I ſtarted back,
It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon with anſwering looks
Of ſympathy and love. There I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain deſire,
Had not a voice thus warm'd me: What thou ſeeſt,
What there thou ſeeſt, fair creature is thyſelf;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no ſhadow ſtays
Thy coming, and thy ſoft embraces, he
Whoſe image thou art; him thou ſhalt enjoy
Inſeparably thine, to him ſhalt bear
Multitudes like thyſelf, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race. What could I do,
But follow ſtrait, inviſibly thus led?
Till I eſpy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a plantan; yet methought leſs fair,
Leſs winning ſoft, leſs amiably mild,
Than that ſmooth watr'y image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'dſt aloud, Return fair *Eve*,
Whom fly'ſt thou? whom thou fly'ſt of him thou art,
His fleſh, his bone: to give thee being I lent
Out of my ſide to thee, neareſt my heart,
Subſtantial life, to have thee by my ſide

Hence-

Henceforth an individual ſolace dear;
Part of my ſoul, I ſeek thee, and thee claim,
My other ſelf. With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine; I yielded, and from that time ſee
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wiſdom, which alone is truly fair.
* * * * * * * * *
When *Adam* thus to *Eve*. Fair conſort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to reſt,
Mind us of like repoſe, ſince God hath ſet
Labour and reſt, as day and night to men
Succeſſive; and the timely dew of ſleep,
Now falling with ſoft ſlumb'rous weight, inclines
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, and leſs need reſt;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere freſh morning ſtreak the eaſt
With firſt approach of light, we muſt be riſen,
And at our pleaſant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbors, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches over-grown,
That mock our ſcant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth;
Thoſe bloſſoms alſo, and thoſe dropping gums,
That lie beſtrown unſightly and unſmooth,
Aſk riddance, if we mean to tread with eaſe;
Mean while, as nature wills, night bids us reſt.
To whom thus *Eve* with perfect beauty adorn'd.
My author and diſpoſer, what thou bid'ſt
Unargu'd I obey; ſo God ordains.
God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more
Is woman's happieſt knowledge and her praiſe.
With thee converſing I forget all time,
All ſeaſons and their change; all pleaſe alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her riſing ſweet,

With

With charm of earlieſt birds; pleaſant the ſun
When firſt on this delightful land he ſpreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flow'r,
Gliſt'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After ſoft ſhowers; and ſweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then ſilent night,
With this her ſolemn bird, and this fair moon,
And theſe the gems of heaven, her ſtarry train;
But neither breath of morn, when ſhe aſcends
With charm of earlieſt birds, nor riſing ſun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Gliſt'ring with dew, nor fragrance after ſhowers,
Nor grateful ev'ning mild, nor ſilent night
With this her ſolemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glitt'ring ſtar-light, without thee, is ſweet.
But wherefore all night long ſhine theſe, for whom
This glorious ſight when ſleep hath ſhut all eyes?
To whom our general anceſtor reply'd:
Daughter of God and man, accompliſh'd *Eve*,
Thoſe have their courſe to finiſh round the earth
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, tho' to nations yet unborn,
Miniſtring light prepar'd, they ſet and riſe;
Leſt total darkneſs ſhould by night regain
Her old poſſeſſion, and extinguiſh life
In nature and all things, which theſe ſoft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence foment and warm,
Temper or nouriſh, or in part ſhed down
Their ſtellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the ſun's more potent ray.
Theſe then, tho' unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, tho' men were none,
That heaven would want ſpectators, God want praiſe.
Millions of ſpiritual creatures walk the earth
Unſeen, both when we wake, and when we ſleep:
All theſe with ceaſleſs praiſe his works behold
Both day and night: how often from the ſteep

Of

Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celeſtial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or reſponſive each to others note,
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly touch of inſtrumental ſounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their ſongs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.
* * * * * * * * *

Thus at their ſhady lodge arriv'd, both ſtood,
Both turn'd, and under open ſky ador'd
The God that made both ſky, air, earth and heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's reſplendent globe
And ſtarry pole: Thou alſo mad'ſt the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finiſh'd, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliſs,
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou haſt promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who ſhall with us extol
Thy goodneſs infinite, both when we wake
And when we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep.
* * * * * * * &c.

Now morn, her roſy ſteps in the eaſtern clime
Advancing, ſow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam wak'd, ſo cuſtom'd, for his ſleep
Was airy light from pure digeſtion bred,
And temp'rate vapours bland, which the only ſound
Of leaves and fuming rills, *Aurora*'s fan
Lightly diſpers'd, and the ſhrill matin ſong
Of birds on ev'ry bough; ſo much the more
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve
With treſſes diſcompos'd, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet reſt: He on his ſide
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung o'er her enamour'd, and beheld

Beauty,

Beauty, which, whether waking or aſleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild, as when *Zephirus* on *Flora* breathes,
Her hands ſoft touching, whiſper'd thus. Awake
My faireſt, my eſpouſed, my lateſt found,
Heaven's laſt beſt gift, my ever new delight,
Awake; the morning ſhines, and the freſh field
Calls us; we loſe the prime to mark how ſpring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid ſweet.
Such whiſp'ring wak'd her, but with ſtartled eye
On Adam, whom embracing, thus ſhe ſpake.
O ſole in whom my thoughts find all repoſe,
My glory, my perfection, glad I ſee
Thy face, and morn return'd; for I this night,
(Such night till this I never paſs'd) have dream'd
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day paſt, or morrow's next deſign.
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irkſome night. Methought
Cloſe at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine: It ſaid,
Why ſleep'ſt thou, Eve, now is the pleaſant time,
The cool, the ſilent, ſave where ſilence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes ſweeteſt his love-labour'd ſong; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleaſing light
Shadowy ſets off the face of things; in vain
If none regard; heaven wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, nature's deſire?
In whoſe ſight all things joy, with raviſhment
Attracted by thy beauty ſtill to gaze,
I roſe as at thy call, but found thee not:
To find thee I directed then my walk;
And on, methought alone, I paſs'd through ways
That brought me on a ſudden to the tree
Of interdicted knowledge. Fair it ſeem'd,
Much fairer to my fancy than by day;

And as I wond'ring look'd, beſide it ſtood
One ſhap'd and wing'd like one of thoſe from heaven
By us oft ſeen; his dewy locks diſtill'd
Ambroſia: On that tree he alſo gaz'd:
And O fair plant, ſaid he, with fruit ſurcharg'd,
Deigns none to eaſe thy load and taſte thy ſweet,
Nor God, nor man? Is knowledge ſo deſpis'd?
Or envy, or what reſerve forbids to taſte?
Forbid who will, none ſhall from me withhold
Longer thy offer'd good, why elſe ſet here?
This ſaid, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm
He pluck'd, he taſted; me damp horror chill'd
At ſuch bold words vouch'd with a deed ſo bold:
But he thus overjoy'd, O fruit divine,
Sweet of thyſelf, but much more ſweet thus cropt,
Forbidden here, it ſeems, as odly fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of men:
And why not Gods of men, ſince good the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The author not impair'd, but honour'd more!
Here happy creature, fair angelic Eve,
Partake thou alſo; happy tho' thou art,
Happier thou may'ſt be, worthier canſt not be:
Taſte this, and be henceforth among the gods
Thyſelf a goddeſs, not to earth confin'd,
But ſometimes in the air, as we ſometimes
Aſcend to heaven, by merit thine, and ſee
What life the Gods live there, and ſuch live thou.
So ſaying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Even to my mouth of that ſame fruit held part
Which he had pluck'd; the pleaſant ſav'ry ſmell
So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taſte. Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The eaſt outſtretch'd immenſe, a proſpect wide
And various: Wond'ring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation, ſuddenly
My guide was gone, and I, methought, ſunk down
And fell aſleep; but O how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream. Thus Eve her night

Rela-

Related, and thus Adam anſwer'd ſad:
Beſt image of myſelf and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in ſleep
Affects me equally; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil ſprung I fear;
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know, that in the ſoul
Are many leſſer faculties that ſerve
Reaſon as chief; among theſe fancy next
Her office holds; of all external things
Which the five watchful ſenſes repreſent,
She forms imaginations, airy ſhapes,
Which reaſon joining or disjoining, frames
What we affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion; then retires
Into her private cell when nature reſts.
Oft in her abſence mimic fancy wakes,
To imitate her; but misjoining ſhapes,
Wild work produces oft, and moſt in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long paſt or late.
Some ſuch reſemblances methinks I find
Of our laſt evening's talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition ſtrange: Yet be not ſad,
Evil into the mind of God, or man
May come and go, ſo unapprov'd, and leave
No ſpot or blame behind: which gives me hope
That what in ſleep thou didſt abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt conſent to do.
Be not diſhearten'd then, nor cloud thoſe looks
That wont to be more chearful and ſerene
Than when fair morning firſt ſmiles on the world,
And let us to our freſh employments riſe
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers,
That open now their choiceſt boſom'd ſmells,
Reſerv'd from night, and kept for thee in ſtore.
So chear'd he his fair ſpouſe, and ſhe was chear'd.
But ſilently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready ſtood,
Each in their chryſtal ſluice, he, ere they fell,

Kiſs'd, as the gracious ſigns of ſweet remorſe,
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.
So all was clear'd, and to the field they haſte.
But firſt, from under ſhady arb'rous roof,
Soon as they forth were come to open ſight
Of day ſpring, and the ſun, who ſcarce upriſen,
With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to th' earth his dewy ray,
Diſcov'ring in wide landſcape all the eaſt
Of Paradiſe and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their oriſons each morning duly paid
In various ſtyle; or neither various ſtyle
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praiſe
Their Maker, in fit ſtrains pronounc'd, or ſung,
Unmeditated; ſuch promt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips in proſe or num'rous verſe,
More tuneable than needed lute or harp
To add more ſweetneſs; and they thus began.
These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyſelf how wond'rous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſitt'ſt above the heavens
To us inviſible or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou ſun, of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; ſound his praiſe

In

In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, & when thou fall'ſt.
Moon that now meet'ſt the orient ſun, now fly'ſt
With the fixſt ſtars, fixt in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In myſtic dance not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldeſt birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary to our Great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye miſts and exhalations that now riſe,
From hill or ſteaming lake, duſky or grey,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great author riſe,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant in ſign of worſhip wave
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
Join voices all ye living ſouls, ye birds,
That ſinging up to heaven's gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praiſe.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep,
Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or freſh ſhade,
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail univerſal Lord, be bounteous ſtill,
To give us only good; and if the night
Has gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.

SELECT

SELECT
FABLES.

On the moſt important OCCASIONS in LIFE: From the ANCIENTS.

FABLE I.

The Belly and the Limbs.

It is a folly even to wiſh to withhold our part from the ſupport of civil government.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, a Roman conſul, being deputed by the ſenate to appeaſe a dangerous tumult and ſedition of the people, who refuſed to pay the taxes neceſſary for carrying on the buſineſs of the ſtate; convinced them of their folly, by delivering to them the following fable:

My friends and countrymen, ſaid he, attend to my words. It once happened that the Members of the human body, taking ſome exception at the conduct of the Belly, reſolved no longer to grant him the uſual ſupplies. The Tongue firſt, in a ſeditious ſpeech, aggravated their grievances; and after highly extolling the activity and diligence of the Hands and Feet, ſet forth how hard and unreaſonable it was, that the fruits of their labour ſhould be ſquandered away upon the inſatiable cravings of a fat and indolent Paunch, which was entirely

tirely uſeleſs, and unable to do any thing towards helping himſelf. This ſpeech was received with unanimous applauſe by all the Members. Immediately the Hands declared they would work no more; the Feet determined to carry no further the load of guts with which they had hitherto been oppreſſed; nay, the very Teeth refuſed to prepare a ſingle morſel more for his uſe. In this diſtreſs, the Belly bethought them to conſider maturely, and not foment ſo ſenſeleſs a rebellion. There is none of you, ſays he, can be ignorant that whatſoever you beſtow upon me, is immediately converted to your uſe, and diſperſed by me for the good of you all into every Limb. But he remonſtrated in vain; for during the clamours of paſſion, the voice of reaſon is always diſregarded. It being therefore impoſſible for him to quiet the tumult, he ſtarved for want of their aſſiſtance, and the body waſted away to a ſkeleton. The Limbs grown weak and languid, were ſenſible at laſt of their error, and would fain have returned to their reſpective duties; but it was now too late, death had taken poſſeſſion of the whole, and they all periſhed together.

FABLE II.

The Wolf and the Shepherds.

We ſeverely cenſure that in others, which we ourſelves practiſe without ſcruple.

HOW apt are men to condemn in others, what they practiſe themſelves without ſcruple!

A Wolf, ſays Plutarch, peeping into a hut, where a company of Shepherds were regaling themſelves with a joint of mutton; Lord, ſaid he, what a clamour would theſe men have raiſed, if if they had catched *me* at ſuch a banquet!

FABLE III.

The Daw with borrowed Feathers.

To aim at figure by the means either of borrowed wit, or borrowed money, generally ſubjects us at laſt to ten-fold ridicule.

WHEN a pert young templer, or city apprentice, ſets up for a fine gentleman, with the aſſiſtance of an embroidered waiſtcoat and Dreſden ruffles, but without one qualification proper to the character, how frequently does it happen, that he is laughed at by his equals, and deſpiſed by thoſe whom he preſumed to imitate!

A pragmatic Jackdaw was vain enough to imagine, that he wanted nothing but the coloured plumes, to render him as elegant a bird as the Peacock: puffed up with this wiſe conceit, he dreſſed himſelf with a ſufficient quantity of their moſt beautiful feathers, and in this borrowed garb, forſaking his old companions, endeavoured to paſs for a Peacock; but he no ſooner attempted to aſſociate with theſe genteel creatures, than an affected ſtrut betrayed the vain pretender. The offended Peacocks, plucking from him their degraded feathers, ſoon ſtripped him of his finery, reduced him

to

to a mere Jackdaw, and drove him back to his brethren; by whom he was now equally deſpiſed, and juſtly puniſhed with deriſion and contempt.

FABLE IV.

The Wolf and the Lamb.

They who do not feel the ſentiments of humanity will ſeldom liſten to the pleas of reaſon.

WHEN cruelty and injuſtice are armed with power, and determined on oppreſſion, the ſtrongeſt pleas of innocence are preferred in vain.

A Wolf and a Lamb were accidentally quenching their thirſt together at the ſame rivulet. The Wolf ſtood towards the head of the ſtream, and the Lamb at ſome diſtance below. The injurious beaſt, reſolved on a quarrel, fiercely demands—How dare you diſturb the water which I am drinking? The poor Lamb, all trembling, replies, how, I beſeech you, can that poſſibly be the caſe, ſince the current ſets from you to me? Diſconcerted by the force of truth, he changes the accuſation. Six months ago, ſays he, you vilely ſlandered me. Impoſſible, returns the Lamb, for I was not then born. No matter, it was your father then, or ſome of your relations; and immediately ſeizing the innocent Lamb, he tore him to pieces.

FA;

FABLE V.

The Boys and the Frogs.

It is unjuſt and cruel to raiſe ourſelves mirth, at the expence of another's peace and happineſs.

ON the margin of a large lake, which was inhabited by a great number of Frogs, a company of Boys happened to be at play. Their diverſion was duck and drake; and whole vollies of ſtones were thrown into the water, to the great annoyance and danger of the poor terrified Frogs. At length one of the moſt hardy, lifting up his head above the ſurface of the lake: Ah, dear children, ſaid he, why will ye learn ſo ſoon the cruel practices of your race? Conſider, I beſeech you, that tho' this may be *ſport* to you, 'tis *death* to us.

FABLE VI.

The Dog and the Shadow.

An over-greedy diſpoſition often ſubjects us to loſe what we already poſſeſs.

AN hungry Spaniel, having ſtolen a piece of fleſh from a butcher's ſhop, was carrying it

acroſs a river. The water being clear, and the ſun ſhining brightly, he ſaw his own image in the ſtream, and fancied it to be another dog with a more delicious morſel: upon which, unjuſtly and greedily opened his jaws to ſnatch at the ſhadow, he loſt the ſubſtance.

FABLE VII.

The Aſs and the Lap-dog.

The attempt to recommend ourſelves by a behaviour foreign to our character, is vain and ridiculous.

AN Aſs, who lived in the ſame houſe with a favourite Lap-dog, obſerving the ſuperior degree of affection, which the little minion enjoyed, imagined he had nothing more to do, in order to obtain an equal ſhare in the good graces of the family, than to imitate the Lap dog's playful and endearing careſſes. Accordingly, he began to friſk about before his maſter, kicking up his heels and braying, in an awkward affectation of wantonneſs and pleaſantry: this ſtrange behaviour could not fail of raiſing much laughter, which the Aſs miſtaking for approbation and encouragement, he proceeded to leap upon his maſter's breaſt, and began very familiarly to lick his face; but he was preſently convinced, by the force of a good cudgel, that what is ſprightly and agreeable in one, may in another be

juſtly

juſtly cenſured as rude and impertinent; and that the ſureſt way to gain eſteem, is for every one to act ſuitably to his own natural genius and character.

FABLE VIII.

The Sun and the Wind.

Gentle means, on many occaſions, are more effectual than violent ones.

PHOEBUS and Æolus had once a diſpute, which of them could ſooneſt prevail with a certain traveller to part with his cloak. Æolus began the attack, and aſſaulted him with great violence. But the man wrapping his cloak ſtill cloſer about him, doubled his efforts to keep it, and went on his way. And now, Phœbus darted his warm inſinuating rays, which melted the traveller by degrees, at length obliged him to throw aſide that cloak, which all the rage of Æolus could not compel him to reſign. Learn hence, ſaid Phœbus to the bluſtering god, that ſoft and gentle means will often accompliſh, what force and fury can never effect.

FA-

FABLE IX.

The Wolf and the Maſtiff.

A mere competence with liberty, is preferable to ſervitude amidſt the greateſt affluence.

A LEAN half-ſtarved Wolf inadvertently ſtrolled in the way of a ſtrong well-fed Maſtiff. The Wolf being much too weak to act upon the offenſive, thought it moſt prudent to accoſt honeſt Towſer in a friendly manner; and among other civilities, very complaiſantly congratulated him on his goodly appearance. Why, yes, returned the Maſtiff, I am indeed in tolerable caſe; and if you will follow me, you may ſoon be altogether in as good a plight. The Wolf pricked up his ears at the propoſal, and requeſted to be informed what he muſt do to earn ſuch plentiful meals. Very little, replied the Maſtiff; only drive away beggars, careſs my maſter, and be civil to his family. To theſe conditions the hungry Wolf had no objection, and very readily conſented to follow his new acquaintance wherever he would conduct him. As they were trotting along, the Wolf obſerved that the hair was worn in a circle round his friend's neck; which raiſed his curioſity to enquire what was the occaſion of it. Nothing, anſwered the Maſtiff, or a mere trifle; perhaps the collar to which my chain is ſometimes faſtened. Chain! replied the Wolf, with much ſurprize; it ſhould ſeem then

that you are not permitted to rove about where and when you pleaſe. Not always, returned Towſer, hanging down his head; but what does that ſignify? It ſignifies ſo much, rejoined the Wolf, that I am reſolved to have no ſhare in your dinners; *half* a meal with liberty, is in my eſtimation preferable to a *full* one without it.

FABLE X.

Fortune and the School-boy.

We are always ready to cenſure Fortune for the ill effects of our own careleſſneſs.

A SCHOOL-BOY, fatigued with play, threw himſelf down by the brink of a deep pit, where he fell faſt aſleep. Fortune happening to paſs by, ſaw him in this dangerous ſituation, and kindly gave him a tap on the ſhoulder: My dear child, ſaid ſhe, if you had fallen into this pit, I ſhould have borne the blame; though in fact, the accident would have been wholly owing to your own careleſſneſs.

Miſfortunes, ſaid, a celebrated cardinal, is but another word for imprudence. The maxim is by no means abſolutely true: certain, however, it is, that mankind ſuffer more evils from their own imprudence, than from events which it is not in their power to controul.

The

FABLE XI.

The Bear and the two Friends.

Cowards are incapable of true friendſhip.

TWO Friends, ſetting out together upon a journey which led through a dangerous foreſt, mutually promiſed to aſſiſt each other, if they ſhould happen to be aſſaulted. They had not proceeded far, before they perceived a Bear making towards them with great rage. There were no hopes in flight; but one of them, being very active, ſprung up into a tree; upon which the other throwing himſelf flat on the ground, held his breath, and pretended to be dead; remembring to have heard it aſſerted, that this creature will not prey upon a dead carcaſe. The Bear came up, and after ſmelling to him ſome time, left him, and went on. When he was fairly out of ſight and hearing, the hero from the tree calls out——Well, my friend, what ſaid the Bear? He ſeemed to whiſper you very cloſely. He did ſo, replied the other, and gave me this good piece of advice; never to aſſociate with a wretch, who in the hour of danger will deſert his friend.

FABLE XII.

The Waſps and the Bees.

'Tis a folly to arrogate works to ourſelves of which we are by no means capable,

PRETENDERS of every kind are beſt detected by appealing to their works.

Some honey-combs being claimed by a ſwarm of Waſps, the right owners proteſted againſt their demand, and the cauſe was referred to a Hornet. Witneſſes being examined, they depoſed that certain winged creatures, who had a loud hum, were of a yellowiſh colour, and ſomewhat like Bees, were obſerved a conſiderable time hovering about the place where this neſt was found. But this did not ſufficiently decide the queſtion; for theſe characteriſtics, the Hornet obſerved, agreed no leſs with the Bees than with the Waſps. At length a ſenſible old Bee offered to put the matter upon this deciſive iſſue: Let a place be appointed by the court, ſaid he, for the plaintiffs and defendants to work in: It will then ſoon appear which of us are capable of forming ſuch regular cells, and afterwards of filling them with ſo delicious a fluid. The Waſps, refuſing to agree to this propoſal, ſufficiently convinced the judge on which ſide the right lay; and he decreed the honey-combs accordingly.

FA-

FABLE XIII.

The Oak and the Willow.

The courage of meeting death in an honourable cauſe, is more commendable, than any addreſs or artifice we can make uſe of to evade it.

A CONCEITED Willow had once the vanity to challenge his mighty neighbour the Oak, to a trial of ſtrength. It was to be determined by the next ſtorm, and Æolus was addreſſed by both parties, to exert his moſt powerful efforts. This was no ſooner aſked than granted; and a violent hurrican aroſe: when the pliant Willow, bending from the blaſt, or ſhrinking under her, evaded all its force; while the generous Oak, diſdaining to give way, oppoſed its fury, and was torn up by the roots. Immediately the Willow began to exult, and to claim the victory; when thus the fallen Oak interrupted his exultation, calleſt thou this a trial of ſtrength? Poor wretch! not to thy ſtrength, but weakneſs; not to thy boldly facing danger, but meanly ſkulking from it, thou oweſt thy preſent ſafety. I am an Oak, though fallen; thou ſtill a Willow, though unhurt: but who, except ſo mean a wretch as thyſelf, would prefer an ignominious life, preſerved by craft or cowardice, to the glory of meeting death in an honourable cauſe.

FABLE XIV.

The Lion and the Gnat.

Little minds are ſo much elevated by any advantage gained over their ſuperiors, that they are often thrown off their guard againſt a ſudden change of fortune.

AVAUNT! thou paltry, contemptible inſect! ſaid a proud Lion one day to a Gnat that was friſking about in the air near his den. The Gnat, enraged at this unprovoked inſult, vowed revenge, and immediately darted into the lion's ear. After having ſufficiently teized him in that quarter, ſhe quitted her ſtation and retired under his belly; and from thence made her laſt and moſt formidable attack in his noſtrils, where ſtinging him almoſt to madneſs, the Lion at length fell down, utterly ſpent with rage, vexation, and pain. The Gnat having thus abundantly gratified her reſentment, flew off in great exultation: but in the heedleſs tranſports of her ſucceſs, not ſufficiently attending to her own ſecurity, ſhe found herſelf unexpectedly entangled in the web of a ſpider; who ruſhing out inſtantly upon her, put an end to her triumph and her life.

This fable inſtructs us, never to ſuffer ſucceſs ſo far to tranſport us, as to throw us off our guard againſt a reverſe of fortune.

FA-

FABLE XV.

The Dog and the Crocodile.

'Tis ever dangerous to be long converſant with perſons of a bad character.

WE can never be too carefully guarded againſt a connection with perſons of an ill character.

As a dog was courſing the banks of the Nile, he grew thriſty; but, fearing to be ſeized by the monſters of that river, he would not ſtop to ſatiate his drought, but lapped as he ran. A Crocodile raiſing his head above the ſurface of the water, aſked him, why he was in ſuch a hurry? he had often, he ſaid, wiſhed for his acquaintance, and ſhould be glad to embrace the preſent opportunity. You do me great honour, returned the Dog, but it is to avoid ſuch companions as you that I am in ſo much haſte.

FABLE XVI.

The Wolf in Diſguiſe.

There would be little chance of detecting hrpocriſy, were it not always addicted to over act its part.

DESIGNING hypocrites frequently lay themſelves open to diſcovery, by over-acting their parts.

A

A Wolf, who by frequent viſits to a flock of ſheep in his neighbourhood began to be extremely well known to them, thought it expedient, for the more ſucceſsfully carrying on his depredations, to appear in a new character. To this end he diſguiſed himſelf in a ſhepherd's habit; and reſting his fore feet upon a ſtick, which ſerved him by way of crook, he ſoftly made his approaches towards the fold. It happened that the ſhepherd and his dog were both of them extended on the graſs, faſt aſleep; ſo that he would certainly have ſucceeded in his project, if he had not imprudently attempted to imitate the ſhepherd's voice. The horrid noiſe awakened them both: when the Wolf encumbered with his diſguiſe, and finding it impoſſible either to reſiſt or to flee, yielded up his life an eaſy prey to the ſhepherd's dog.

FABLE XVII.

The Aſs and his Maſter.

Avarice often miſſes its point, thro' the means it uſes to ſecure it.

A DILIGENT Aſs, daily loaded beyond his ſtrength by a ſevere Maſter whom he had long ſerved, and who kept him at very ſhort commons, happened one day in his old age, to be oppreſſed with a more than ordinary burthen of earthen-ware. His ſtrength being much impaired, and the road deep and uneven, he unfortunately made a trip, and unable to recover himſelf, fell down

down and broke all the veſſels to pieces. His Maſter, tranſported with rage, began to beat him moſt unmercifully. Againſt whom the poor Aſs, lifting up his head as he lay on the ground, thus ſtrongly remonſtrated: Unfeeling wretch! to thy own avaritious cruelty, in firſt pinching me of food, and then loading me beyond my ſtrength, thou oweſt the misfortune which thou ſo unjuſtly imputeſt to me.

FABLE XVIII.

The Eagle and the Crow.

A falſe eſtimate of our own abilities ever expoſes us to ridicule, and ſometimes to danger.

TO miſtake our own talents, or over-rate our abilities, is always ridiculous, and ſometimes dangerous.

An Eagle, from the top of a high mountain, making a ſtoop at a Lamb, pounced it, and bore it away to her young. A Crow, who had built her neſt in a cedar near the foot of the rock obſerving what paſſed, was imbitious of performing the ſame exploit: and darting from her neſt, fixed her talons in the fleece of another Lamb. But neither able to move her prey, nor to diſentangle her feet, ſhe was taken by the ſhepherd, and carried away for his children to play with; who eagerly enquiring what bird it was,—An hour ago, ſaid he, ſhe fancied herſelf an Eagle; however, I ſuppoſe ſhe is by this time convinced that ſhe is but a Crow.

FABLE XIX.

The Lion, the Tyger, and the Fox.

The intemperate rage of clients gives the lawyer an opportunity of ſeizing the property in diſpute.

A LION and a Tyger jointly ſeized on a young fawn, which they immediately killed. This they had no ſooner performed, than they fell a fighting, in order to decide whoſe property it ſhould be. The battle was ſo bloody, and ſo obſtinate, that they were both compelled, thro' wearineſs and loſs of blood, to deſiſt; and lay down by mutual conſent, totally diſabled. At this inſtant, a Fox unluckily came by; who, perceiving their ſituation, made bold to ſeize the conteſted prey, and bore it off unmoleſted. As ſoon as the Lion could recover his breath—How fooliſh, ſaid he, has been our conduct! Inſtead of being contented as you ought, with our reſpective ſhares; our ſenſeleſs rage has rendered us unable to prevent this raſcally Fox from defrauding us of the whole.

FABLE XX.

The Lion and the Aſs.

A total neglect is the beſt return the generous can make to the ſcurrility of the baſe.

A CONCEITED Aſs had once the impertinence to bray forth ſome contemptuous ſpeeches againſt the Lion. The ſuddenneſs of the inſult, at firſt raiſed ſome emotions of wrath in his breaſt; but turning his head and perceiving from whence it came, they immediately ſubſided; and he very ſedately walked on, without deigning to honour the contemptible creature, even ſo much as with an angry word.

FABLE XXI.

The Trumpeter.

The fomenter of miſchief is at leaſt as culpable as he who puts it in execution.

A TRUMPETER in a certain army happened to be taken priſoner. He was ordered immediately

mediately to execution, but pleaded in excuſe for himſelf, that it was unjuſt a perſon ſhould ſuffer death, who far from an intention of miſchief, did not even wear an offenſive weapon. So much the rather, replied one of the enemy, ſhalt thou die; ſince without any deſign of fighting thyſelf, thou exciteſt others to the bloody buſineſs: for he that is the abetter of a bad action, is at leaſt equally guilty with him that commits it.

FABLE XXII.

The Bear and the Bees.

'Twere more prudent to acquieſce under an injury from a ſingle perſon, than by an act of vengeance to bring upon us the reſentment of a whole community.

A BEAR happened to be ſtung by a Bee, and the pain was ſo acute, that in the madneſs of revenge he ran into the garden and overturned the hive. This outrage provoked their anger to a high degree, and brought the fury of the whole ſwarm upon him. They attacked him with ſuch violence, that his life was in danger, and it was with the utmoſt difficulty that he made his eſcape, wounded from head to tail. In this deſperate condition lamenting his misfortunes, and licking his ſores, he could not forbear reflecting how much more adviſable it had been to have patiently acquieſced under one injury, than thus by an unprofitable reſentment to have provoked a thouſand.

SELECT

FABLES.

On the moſt important OCCASIONS in LIFE: From the MODERNS.

FABLE I.

The Miller, his Son, and their Aſs.

'Tis better to purſue the dictates of one's own reaſon, than attempt to pleaſe all mankind.

A MILLER and his Son were driving their Aſs to market, in order to ſell him: and that he might get thither freſh and in good condition, they drove him on gently before them. They had not proceeded far, when they met a company of travellers. Sure, ſay they, you are mighty careful of your Aſs: methinks one of you might as well get up and ride, as ſuffer him to walk on at his eaſe, while you trudge after on foot. In compliance with this advice, the Old Man ſet his Son upon the beaſt. And now, they had ſcarce advanced a quarter of a mile farther, before they met another company. You idle young rogue, ſaid one of the party, why don't you get down, and let your poor Father ride? Upon this, the Old Man made his Son diſmount, and got up himſelf. While they were

marching in this manner, a third company began to inſult the Father. You hard-hearted unnatural wretch, ſay they, how can you ſuffer that poor lad to wade through the dirt, while you like an alderman ride at your eaſe? The good-natured Miller ſtood corrected, and immediately took his Son up behind him. And now the next man they met exclaimed with more vehemence and indignation than all the reſt—Was there ever ſuch a couple of lazy boobies! to overload in ſo unconſcionable a manner, a poor dumb creature, who is far leſs able to carry them than they are to carry him! The complying Old man would have been half inclined to make the trial, had not experience by this time ſufficiently convinced him, that there cannot be a more fruitleſs attempt, than to endeavour to pleaſe all mankind.

FABLE II.

The Fox and the Bramble.

We ſhould bear with patience a ſmall evil, when it is connected with a greater good.

A FOX cloſely purſued by a pack of dogs took ſhelter under the covert of a Bramble. He rejoiced in this aſylum, and for a while was very happy: but ſoon found, that if he attempted to ſtir, he was wounded by thorns and prickles on every ſide. However, making a virtue of neceſſity, he

he forebore to complain; and comforted himſelf with reflecting, that no bliſs is perfect; that good and evil are mixed, and flow from the ſame fountain. Theſe briars indeed, ſaid he, will tear my ſkin a little, yet they keep off the dogs. For the ſake of the good then, let me bear the evil with patience: each bitter has its ſweet, and theſe brambles, though they wound my fleſh, preſerve my life from danger.

FABLE III.

The Butterfly and the Roſe.

We exclaim loudly againſt that inconſtancy in another to which we give occaſion by our own.

A FINE powdered Butterfly fell in love with a beautiful Roſe, who expanded her charms in a neighbouring parterre. Matters were ſoon adjuſted between them, and they mutually vowed eternal fidelity. The Butterfly perfectly ſatisfied with the ſucceſs of his amour, took a tender leave of his miſtreſs, and did not return again till noon. What! ſaid the Roſe, when ſhe ſaw him approaching, is the ardent paſſion you vowed, ſo ſoon extinguiſhed? It is an age ſince you paid me a viſit. But no wonder: for I obſerved you courting by turns every flower in the garden. You little coquet, replied the Butterfly, it well becomes *you* truly,

to reproach me with my gallantries; when in fact I only copy the example which you yourſelf have ſet me. For, not to mention the ſatisfaction with which you admitted the kiſſes of the fragrant Zephyr, did I not ſee you diſplaying your charms to the bee, the fly, the waſp, and, in ſhort, encouraging and receiving the addreſſes of every buzzing inſect that fluttered within your view? If you will be a coquet, you muſt expect to find me inconſtant.

FABLE IV.

The Tortoiſe and the two Ducks.

Curioſity often exites thoſe people to hazardous undertakings, whom vanity and indiſcretion render totally unfit for them.

VANITY and idle curioſity are qualities which generally prove deſtructive to thoſe who ſuffer themſelves to be governed by them.

A Tortoiſe, weary of paſſing her days in the ſame obſcure corner, conceived a wonderful inclination to viſit foreign countries. Two Ducks, whom the ſimple Tortoiſe acquainted with her intention, undertook to oblige her, upon the occaſion. Accordingly they told her, that if ſhe would faſten her mouth to the middle of a pole, they would take the two ends, and tranſport her whitherſoever ſhe choſe to be conveyed. The Tortoiſe approved of the expedient; and every thing

thing being prepared, the Ducks began their flight with her. They had not travelled long in the air, when they were met by a crow, who enquiring what they were bearing along, they replied the queen of the Tortoiſes. The Tortoiſe, vain of the new and unmerited appellation, was going to confirm the title, when opening her mouth for that purpoſe, ſhe let go her hold, and was daſhed to pieces by her fall.

FABLE V.

The Country-maid and the Milk-pail.

When we dwell much on diſtant and chimerical advantages, we neglect our preſent buſineſs, and are expoſed to real misfortunes.

WHEN men ſuffer their imagination to amuſe them with the proſpect of diſtant and uncertain improvements of their condition; they frequently ſuſtain real loſſes, by their inattention to thoſe affairs in which they are immediately concerned.

A Country Maid was walking very deliberately with a Pail of Milk upon her head, when ſhe fell into the following train of reflections: The money for which I ſhall ſell this Milk, will enable me to increaſe my ſtock of eggs to three hundred. Theſe eggs, allowing for what may prove addle, and what may be deſtroyed by vermin, will produce at leaſt two hundred and fifty chickens. The

chickens will be fit to carry to market about Chriſtmas, when poultry always bear a good price: ſo that by May-day I cannot fail of having money enough to purchaſe a Gown. Green—let me conſider—yes, green becomes my complexion beſt, and green it ſhall be. In this dreſs I will go to the fair, where all the young fellows will ſtrive to have me for a partner: but I ſhall perhaps refuſe every one of them, and with an air of diſdain toſs from them.—Tranſported with this triumphant thought, ſhe could not forbear acting with her head what thus paſſed in her imagination, when down came the Pail of Milk, and with it all her imaginary happineſs.

FABLE VI.

The Spider and the Silkworm.

He that is employed in works of uſe generally advantages himſelf or others; while he who toils alone for fame muſt often expect to loſe his labour.

HOW vainly we promiſe ourſelves, that our flimzy productions will be rewarded with immortal honour! A Spider, buſied in ſpreading his web from one ſide of a room to the other, was aſked by an induſtrious Silkworm, to what end he ſpent ſo much time and labour, in making ſuch a number of lines and circles? The Spider angrily replyed, Do not diſturb me, thou ignorant thing: I tranſmit my ingenuity to poſterity, and fame is the

the object of my wiſhes. Juſt as he had ſpoken, a chambermaid, coming into the room to feed her ſilkworms, ſaw the Spider at his work; and with one ſtroke of her broom, ſwept him away, and deſtroyed at once his labours and his hope of fame.

FABLE VII.

The Bee and the Fly.

The greateſt genius with a vindictive temper is far ſurpaſt in point of happineſs by men of talents leſs conſiderable.

A BEE obſerving a Fly friſking about her hive, aſked him, in a very paſſionate tone, what he did there? Is it for ſuch ſcoundrels as you, ſaid ſhe, to intrude into the company of the queens of the air? You have great reaſon, truly, replied the Fly, to be out of humour: I am ſure they muſt be mad, who would have any concern with ſo quarrelſome a nation. And why ſo? thou ſaucy malapert, returned the enraged Bee; we have the beſt laws, and are governed by the beſt policy in the world. We feed upon the moſt fragrant flowers, and all our buſineſs is to make honey: honey, which equals nectar, thou taſteleſs wretch, who liveſt upon nothing but putrefaction and excrement. We live as we can, rejoined the Fly: poverty, I hope, is no crime; but paſſion is one, I am ſure. The honey you make, is ſweet, I grant you;

you; but your heart is all bitterneſs: for to be revenged on an enemy, you will deſtroy your own life; and are ſo inconſiderate in your rage, as to do more miſchief to yourſelves than to your adverſary. Take my word for it, one had better have leſs conſiderable talents, and uſe them with more diſcretion.

FABLE VIII.

Genius, Virtue and Reputation.

There are few things ſo irreparably loſt, as reputation.

GENIUS, Virtue, and Reputation, three intimate friends, agreed to travel over the iſland of Great Britain, to ſee whatever might be worthy of obſervation. But as ſome misfortune, ſaid they, may happen to ſeparate us; let us conſider before we ſet out, by what means we may find each other again. Should it be my ill fate, ſaid Genius, to be ſevered from you, my aſſociates, which heaven forbid? you may find me kneeling in devotion before the tomb of Shakeſpear; or rapt in ſome grove where Milton talked with angels; or muſing in the grotto where Pope caught inſpiration. Virtue, with a ſigh, acknowledged that her friends were not very numerous: but were I to loſe you, ſhe cried, with whom I am at preſent ſo happily united; I ſhould chuſe to take ſanctuary in the temples of religion, in the places of royalty, or in the ſtately domes of miniſters of ſtate: but as it may be my ill fortune to be there denied admittance, enquire for ſome cottage where Contentment has a bower,

and

and there you will certainly find me. Ah, my dear companions, ſaid Reputation very earneſtly, you, I perceive, when miſſing, may poſſibly be recovered; but take care, I intreat you, always to keep ſight of me, for if I am once loſt, I am never to be retrieved.

FABLE IX.

Induſtry and Sloth.

Our term of life does not allow time for long protracted deliberations.

HOW many live in the world as uſeleſs, as if they had never been born! They paſs through life like a bird through the air, and leave no track behind them; waſte the prime of their days in deliberating what they ſhall do; and bring them to a period, without coming to any determination.

An indolent young man, being aſked why he lay in bed ſo long, jocoſely and careleſsly anſwered ——Every morning of my life I am hearing cauſes. I have two fine girls, their names are Induſtry and Sloth, cloſe at my bed ſide, as ſoon as ever I awake, preſſing their different ſuits. One intreats me to get up, the other perſuades me to lie ſtill: and then they alternately give me various reaſons, why I ſhould riſe, and why I ſhould not. This detains me ſo long, as it is the duty of an impartial judge to hear all that can be ſaid on either ſide, that before the pleadings are over, it is time to go to dinner.

FA-

FABLE X.

The Hermit and the Bear.

The random zeal of inconſiderate friends is often as hurtful as the wrath of enemies.

AN imprudent friend often does as much miſchief by his too great zeal, as the worſt enemy could effect by his malice.

A certain Hermit having done a good office to a Bear, the grateful creature was ſo ſenſible of his obligation, that he begged to be admitted as the guardian and companion of his ſolitude. The Hermit willingly accepted his offer, and conducted him to his cell, where they paſſed their time together in an amicable manner. One very hot day, the Hermit having laid him down to ſleep, the officious Bear employed himſelf in driving away the flies from his patron's face. But in ſpite of all his care, one of the flies perpetually returned to the attack, and at laſt ſettled upon the Hermit's noſe. Now I ſhall have you moſt certainly, ſaid the Bear; and with the beſt intentions imaginable, gave him a voilent blow on the face; which very effectually indeed demoliſhed the Fly, but at the ſame time moſt terribly bruiſed the face of his benefactor.

FA-

FABLE XI.

The Paſſenger and the Pilot.

We are no where out of the reach of providence, either to puniſh or to protect us.

IT had blown a violent ſtorm at ſea, and the whole crew of a large veſſel were in imminent danger of ſhipwreck. After the rolling of the wayes were ſomewhat abated, a certain Paſſenger, who had never been at ſea before, obſerving the Pilot to have appeared wholly unconcerned even in their greateſt danger, had the curioſity to aſk him what death his father died. What death? ſaid the Pilot, why he periſhed at Sea, as my grandfather did before him. And are you not afraid of truſting yourſelf to an element that has proved thus fatal to your family? Afraid! by no means; why we muſt all die: is not your father dead? Yes, but he died in his bed. And why then are you not afraid of truſting yourſelf to your bed? Becauſe I am there perfectly ſecure. It may be ſo, replied the Pilot; but if the hand of providence is equally extended over all places, there is no more reaſon for me to be afraid of going to ſea, than for you to be afraid of going to bed.

F A-

The partial Judge.

The injuries we do, and thoſe we ſuffer, are ſeldom weighed in the ſame ſcales.

A FARMER came to a neighbouring Lawyer, expreſſing great concern for an accident which he ſaid had juſt happened. One of your oxen, continued he, has been gored by an unlucky bull of mine, and I ſhould be glad to know how I am to make you a reparation. Thou art a very honeſt fellow, replied the Lawyer, and wilt not think it unreaſonable that I expect one of thy oxen in return. It is no more than juſtice, quoth the Farmer, to be ſure; but what did I ſay?—I miſtake—It is your bull that has killed one of my oxen. Indeed! ſays the Lawyer, that alters the caſe: I muſt enquire into the affair; and if—And *if!* ſaid the Farmer—the buſineſs I find would have been concluded without an *if*, had you been as ready to do juſtice to others as to exact it from them.

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